The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 42 NO. 7

Lessons for October

JULY 1955

They Came With Song

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Along this trail, blazed with tears,
I hear the song of the pioneers;
Uprooted from homes that were pillaged and burned,
They yet could sing. Their crude wheels turned
Out of the mud or trampled dust
A song, triumphant, of love and trust.

Listen, the long grass whispers low,
"This was the place in slush and snow
Where wagons creaked and children's feet
Sank in the ruts." Now thigh-deep wheat
Rustles the melody over ground,
Over the little unlettered mound,
(Longer remembered because unknown);
Listen, the wind swells the camp's full tone,
"Come, Come, Ye Saints"; the words are real;
They sang their songs with tempered zeal;
Out from the circled flame they sent
Courage and strength; bodies spent,
Their voices rang in paeans of praise,
And heaven heard. Come morning's rays,
Over the ashes, scattered now,
Over this field, long used to plow,
The father's boot marked the oxen's plod,
Spurred by a choraled faith in God.

They sang their songs, rejoiced to sing,
Of Joseph as Prophet, Jesus as King,
Knowing that Brigham and the brethren ahead,
Undaunted leaders, were vision-led.

Listen, I hear the prairie rain
On somber nights tell the refrain,
"All is well! All is well!"
Thirsting and dust-choked, yet tongue could tell
Thanks to God, and brave hearts sing,
For round the bend was a little spring;
The prayer was answered; grateful eyes
Lifted mute hymns to high blue skies;
And the little new mother with shining face
Eased her child as they swung in place;
Remember her song while they jolted and swayed
Down mountainsides in the tall peak's shade,
Until the sun sank in the west
And the eastern hills were amethyst;
The pioneers sang as they dropped to their knees.
Beautiful Zion, city of peace . . . .

Here in the Valley, safe and strong,
We will remember: they came with song.

The Cover: "Cathedral Gorge, Nevada," Photograph by Willard Luce
Frontispiece "Mantilija Poppies," Photograph by Ward Linton
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Last evening when I sat down to read my May *Relief Society Magazine*, my eyes filled with tears when I read the article "Mother," written so nobly by Sister Elna P. Haymond about my dear mother and grandmother. How proud they would be to know that one of their posterity could express herself so beautifully as lovely Sister Haymond has done.

—Aletha Handy
Franklin, Idaho

It was through an aunt of mine, with a beautiful mind and a heart of gold, that I came to know of *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is being sent to me every month as a Christmas gift from her. In the March issue, page 146, two little verses are printed that were sent in by Mrs. Irene O. Clawson of Hyrum, Utah. Those verses describe just what I feel, too, about our *Magazine*.

—Gwenneth Elizabeth Curtis
Skegness, Lincolnshire, England

We of the Zeist Branch in Holland are very thankful for the opportunity that we have had in receiving and enjoying *The Relief Society Magazine*, which we have been regularly receiving since the first of this year. We enjoy reading it very much, and even though many of the thoughts are lost through our weakness in the English language, we still gain many inspiring thoughts and maybe we can improve our knowledge of that language by making a study of it through the *Magazine*.

—Zeist Branch Relief Society
A. E. Van Zoeren-Spies, President
J. E. Apeldoorn-Jonker, Secretary
Zeist, Holland

I have used much of the material from the *Magazine* for various occasions and enjoy so much my calling as theology teacher and the inspiring lessons which are prepared for us to present.

—Ruth Johnson Devereaux
Inglewood, California

I was thrilled to find my Frances' poem "Let Me Hear Laughter" in the April *Magazine* and one of mine ("Reflective Artistry") in the same issue. Frances is my youngest child — nineteen years old. The May *Magazine* cover is exquisite. So is the inside cover picture ("Lilacs") facing Alice Morrey Bailey's lovely poem "Where Lilacs Grew."

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

I always enjoy the stories in *The Relief Society Magazine*, but I thought the one in the April issue, "Steak for Thursday," by Rosa Lee Lloyd was especially good and timely. It put over a wonderful message that all young married women should keep in mind and have brought before them.

—Mrs. K. T. Anderson
Moroni, Utah

I so thoroughly enjoyed "Steak for Thursday" by Rosa Lee Lloyd in the April issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* that I want to write and tell you. Also, many of my friends have remarked how very nice the story was. I have read other works of Mrs. Lloyd and always thoroughly enjoyed them.

—Mrs. Ray Stewart
Los Angeles, California

I have been sent *The Relief Society Magazine* by my friends Mr. and Mrs. Ted Van Buren, Provo, Utah. Ted was one of the elders sent to our city, and we will never forget our association with him. I want you to know how much I enjoy the *Magazine*, and I wish you the best of success.

—Mrs. C. L. Black
Beatrice, Nebraska

This is my first year of taking *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I have really enjoyed it very much. I hope not to miss an issue for the rest of my days.

—Rosetta Reynolds
Blanding, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Leone O. Jacobs, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Helen W. Anderson, Gladys S. Boyer, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 42 JULY 1955 No. 7

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Documents of Freedom ..... Louis H. Callister 420
Your Journal Tells Me . . . Grandma ..... Melba S. Payne 430
Wealth ..... Alma Weixelbaum 446
Bringing Home the Cows ..... Nell Murbarger 447
Kneel to Your Child ..... Christie Lund Coles 486

FICTION

Hermanas—Chapter 1 ..... Fay Tarlock 423
Strength ..... Edith Larson 432
April's Pennies ..... Arlene D. Cloward 453
Green Willows—Chapter 6 (Conclusion) ..... Deone R. Sutherland 457

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 418
Sixty Years Ago 438
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 439
Editorial: The Towers of Liberty ..... Vesta P. Crawford 440
In Memoriam—Ida Smoot Dusenberry 442
Notes to the Field: Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting 443
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Margaret C. Pickering 461

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Quilting ..... Velma N. Simonsen 444
Red Currants Are Ripe! ..... Helen S. Williams 450
Cicelia Nelson Found a New Hobby at the Age of Eighty 452
The Jump Rug ..... Elizabeth Williamson 487

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Theology: Review—The Book of Mormon (Book of Ether and 1 Nephi through the Book of Alma) ..... Leland H. Monson 465
Visiting Teacher Messages: "For, If Ye Forgive Men Their Trespasses" ..... Edith S. Elliott 471
Work Meeting: Family Meal Service ..... Rhea H. Gardner 472
Literature: Robert Louis Stevenson, Personality and Poet ..... Briant S. Jacobs 473
Social Science: The Constitution Established ..... Albert R. Bowen 480

POETRY

They Came With Song—Frontispiece ..... Mabel Jones Gabbott 417
July 20-23 ..... Iris W. Schow 422
Our Country ..... Ida Isaacson 422
Canyon Storm ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 429
When Waited Vine Is Answer ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 441
Boy Wanted ..... Elsie McKinnon Strachan 443
Night Moves ..... Cherry McKay 451
Summer Foothills ..... Vesta N. Lukei 456
Today We Picked the Currant Crop ..... Zara Sabin 460
A Tribute to the Singing Mothers ..... Ida L. Belnap 464
Walk Beside Me ..... Josephine H. Beck 485
Pioneer Trek ..... Eunice J. Miles 487

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

The Documents of Freedom

Louis H. Callister

THE first legal holiday instituted in the United States was the Fourth of July. In reflecting upon the celebration of this historic day, it is natural to contemplate the events that brought it about.

It took a revolution to break the bonds with the Mother Country; not the type of revolution we hear so much about today.

Historians tell us that if any pattern can be discerned in the revolutionary movements of modern times, the American war for independence does not conform to it. The American Revolution did not result from serious economic discontent. In point of fact, the depression which followed the French and Indian War had, within a few years, been succeeded by a period of considerable prosperity and even business expansion. True, the final retaliatory measures of the British government—notably the closing of the port of Boston—caused some localized unemployment, but few people in the colonies were ever hungry in 1775.

The amazing thing to learn is that the American Revolution did not array class against class, and particularly it did *not conform* to what is known as a Communist or Marxist pattern. The recruits for the revolutionaries' cause, or patriot cause, came from all classes and economic groups. The landed aristocrats, the merchants engaged in transatlantic and Caribbean trade, the local shopkeepers, the professions, the mechanics, and the laboring classes, all were engaged in this great cause for freedom. The American Revolution was definitely not a class war. The leadership of this great movement was drawn from the upper and middle strata of society, which explains why it stopped short of a reign of terror, and why, for example, no single royal governor lost his life in the conflict. It was entirely different from the French Revolution. The American Revolution was accomplished without the extremists seizing power, without resort to dictatorship, and without any violent reaction.

The Fourth of July was the day on which the Declaration of Independence was signed, a new country came into being, "The United States of America." It was in the Declaration of Independence that this name was first and formally proclaimed to the world, and to maintain its verity the War of the Revolution was fought.

The Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson. He was selected by his fellow committeemen to write this immortal document. In a letter Thomas Jefferson wrote to James Madison in 1823, he makes the following statement:

> The committee of 5 met, no such thing as sub-committee was proposed, but they unanimously pressed on myself alone to undertake the draught. I consented; I drew it; but before I reported to the

committee I communicated it separately to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams requesting their corrections . . . and you have seen the original paper now in my hands, with the corrections of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams interlined in their own handwriting. Their alterations were two or three only, and merely verbal. I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the committee, and from them, unaltered to the Congress.

WE are told that Jefferson, without consulting a book or pamphlet, wrote in a half day's time our great national symbol, The Declaration of Independence. The rough draft may now be seen in the library of Congress. Jefferson was a young man, only thirty-three years of age at the time. He had already gained a reputation in the fields of science and literature. He was acclaimed by the men who knew him best as an able lawyer, scientist, and philosopher, and a writer of some repute. He was a man of wealth and social position, a real aristocrat-democrat. Historians record that he was tall, redheaded, and an excellent horseman.

Fifty-six names are appended to this important document; most of the signers were well educated and in the very strength and prime of their manhood; the average age of the signers was forty-four years. Youth certainly played an important part in the formation of our great Government.

We should also keep in mind on this important day, "The Constitution of the United States." How many of us have a passing knowledge of this great document, the greatest constitution ever penned by man? It guarantees to every citizen of this country those inalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our book of fundamental law is the Constitution of the United States. It has stood the test of one hundred and sixty-six years.

No government has undergone so little change as ours. The first ten Amendments, called the "Bill of Rights," were passed in 1791, the year after the last of the thirteen states had ratified the Constitution. Since that time only twelve Amendments have been adopted, making a total of twenty-two Amendments.

The stability of this great document is more remarkable when we stop to consider the revolutionary changes that have taken place in the social life of man since the Constitution was written. It was framed at the very end of the pastoral-agricultural age of humanity. It is truly a marvel in statecraft and can only be explained by the fact that the Constitution was developed by men of superior intelligence and education, and who had a real genius for self-government and one of its essential elements—the spirit of self-restraint.

I am reminded of section 101 of The Doctrine and Covenants, verses 79 and 80, which read as follows:

> . . . it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood.

Another quote from the dedicatory prayer given by the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Kirtland Temple on March 27, 1836:

Have mercy, O Lord, upon all the nations of the earth, have mercy upon the rulers of our land, may those principles which were so honorably and nobly defended, viz., the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever (*D. H. C.* vol 2, page 424).

In closing let me cite an interesting and prophetic statement given by Brigham Young:

When the day comes in which the Kingdom of God will bear rule, the flag of the United States will proudly flutter unsullied on the flag staff of liberty and equal rights, without a spot to sully its fair surface; the glorious flag our fathers have bequeathed to us will then be unfurled to the breeze by those who have power to hoist it aloft and defend its sanctity. (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, Page 360).

July 20-23

Iris W. Schow

I think of the people moving:
Of their hands and minds whose skill had grown
Grappling with the barriers of plain and mountain pass;
Of their flaming sword of truth,
Undulled by turning back the blows of falsehood;
Of their adamant faith that could not be worn away
By the harsh abrasives of the world,
That soaring faith which flew ahead
Into the vision of the future
And came winging back to the present
To hearten and beckon the wayfarers.

And I think of the Valley waiting:
Of its plain, patient, desert face
Lifted to the harsh caresses of midsummer sun;
Of its pure water flowing unused into the salty reservoir;
Of the ground enriched through centuries of waiting,
That thrice-fallowed land, like a great unkempt body
With promises of grace, under discipline and grooming.

I think of the moving people and the waiting Valley land
Brought slowly together, surely, in the crucible of God.

Our Country

Ida Isaacson

Awaken in us, O God, a fresh and responsive spirit toward our country.
Make our hearts hot within us, burning with patriotism and loyalty.
This is no time for an economy of feeling; we must understand the magnitude of the hour.
Help us to keep our eyes open to the painful truth;
Let us express in happiness all that we have acquired or enjoyed because we are free.
Let us not choke our native fire, but keep it burning;
Let the vibrations of past patriots resound in our memories
And fill our consciousness with unmeasured gratitude to them.

Hermanas

Chapter 1

Fay Tarlock

IT has been said that the first person in secular history to dream of the brotherhood of man was Alexander the Great. I am no historian, I only know of the time in my life when I shed childish prejudices and could call all men *brothers*. And call them that from the heart.

Not so long ago I sat with my sisters (*hermanas*) and watched the gentle sunlight sift through the church windows and lighten their faces. I joined with them in the familiar hymns and bowed my head with them in prayer, but my thoughts were in another land and in a time some years past. In this land the sunlight, more golden and intense, fell upon women with darker faces. Yet I loved them, and each was my sister.

Perhaps it was not so in the beginning. I was a stranger in their land and had first to love before I could be loved in return. Yet, each day the melodious language became more familiar, the customs piqued me less. Almost without my recognition, false presumptions slipped away, leaving eagerness and understanding. I recall an April morning in my garden.

* * * * *

The rains that year began with a March and April prelude. Late in the night it had rained, leaving puffy white clouds scudding towards the south. The sky above the garden was an incredible blue. Heliotrope, pink geraniums, red and purple bougainvillae, blue plumbago, and gossamer ferns cascaded down my garden walls weighted with jewels that trembled and sparkled in the sunlight. Above the far wall the first blossoms of the jacaranda waved in lacy clusters of blue.

I pulled the folds of my robe closer about me and lifted my sandalled feet high to avoid the shimmering pools of water. It was sheer joy to pluck a rose or smell a red carnation.

Through the open kitchen door I could hear the laughter of my twin girls as they raced in the front corridor. Within my walled garden there was no warring world, no strife. I had only to enjoy the day. Contentedly, like one of the tiny lizards on the wall, I sat on a bench of blue and yellow tile and stretched lazily in the sun.

Through half-closed eyes I saw Amporo. She came through the open door, her huaraches flapping busily on the red tile walk, her black eyes bright with the importance of her message. Let it be of no more concern than a message from the Senora's cook that she would send me a dish of pepper and cheese. I did not stir on my cool seat.

"Senora." Amporo dropped her black eyes decorously, her bent head showing the thick coils of hair on her slender brown neck. "Celestina

of the Senora de Vargas house would like permission to speak to you." Her small hands were folded under her favorite apron of coral.

"Of course," I answered, too lazy to be impatient of all this ceremony. Celestina knew she could speak to me at any time; yet she followed the custom and sent word through an intermediary. "Tell her I am in the rear patio."

CELESTINA was a lady. No huaraches for her. She wore the stiff, cheap shoes of the *mercado* and no pink apron, but a plain, dark dress that shadowed her calm beauty. She came gliding down the tiled walk, eyes meekly lowered, hands clasped in anticipation of the favor she would ask.

"Senora?" Her voice was quiet music. "Will you be gracious enough to give a moment of your time to Lolita, who is presently the cook?"

"You have no need to ask."

Celestina had done much to improve my manners. I rose, if reluctantly, from the cool tile bench to accept her parting bow. Lolita, who was presently the cook, was a stranger to me, though these last few days my twins had been often in the de Vargas gardens with Lolita's daughter. At this moment her gay laughter was mingled with the hilarious shouts of my offspring playing in the corridor. It was, I knew, vacation time for Esperanza, the regular cook. Lolita, from the house of an old friend, had come for the three weeks. What she wanted of me I could not even imagine.

She must have waited by the corridor door that separated our two houses, for Celestina had no more than bowed out than she was with me. So small she was, so beautiful and regular her features, save for her graying hair, she might have stepped down from the tile picture that guarded our entrance—the little brown Virgin of Guadalupe. She came towards me, hesitant and timid. It was no small favor she had to ask.

"Senora," she said, lifting her reluctant eyes to mine, "I have long been known to the Senora de Vargas. For many years, since my daughter was an infant, I have lived in the house of her friend. This friend . . . the husband of the friend, has long been in diplomatic service." She said it with pardonable pride. "For several years we have resided in Buenos Aires, but early this year, Senora, the friend, who was also my friend and mistress, died."

Her sad brown eyes filled with tears and I took advantage of the break to sit down again, motioning her to sit beside me.

Sorrowfully she shook her head, making it plain that it was not her place to sit beside me.

"The diplomat's wife died?" I asked, encouraging her.

"Yes, la Senora Urbina died." Lolita sighed, lost in her memories of her mistress.

I waited. After all, I had nothing pressing to do, and the peaceful promise of the morning was already gone.

Lolita wiped away the last of her tears. "At the same time, Senora, I, too, was ill from an illness of long standing." She spoke as one under

a compulsion. "I do not want to burden you with my troubles, only to explain that it was best for me to return to Mexico . . . for my health, and because it was no longer agreeable for me to remain in that house." She lowered her voice. "It was, you understand, the Senora who was my friend, not the Senor."

I nodded.

"Since my return I have had an operation and am improved in health, so much so that I no longer need be separated from regular work." She was looking hopefully at me, and again I waited.

"I have wondered, Senora, if you would care to have me and my daughter?" She ventured it bravely. "As you have noticed, your own small ones are much attached to her. She is not, you understand, uneducated as are so many of the nursemaids of Mexico." A superior smile lighted her face. "It will sound incredible to you, but she has been educated in private schools and in different lands, even in Paris, Senora."

Before I could take in all this astounding news, she hurried on, "My former mistress had no children and Graciela was treated almost as if she were her own."

THE pleading in Lolita's soft brown eyes was more than I could bear. "I am so sorry," I said, trying to cut short her plea, "I should like to have Graciela and you in my house, but it is not possible."

The brown eyes still refused to believe.

"I am quite content with my present arrangements," I said firmly, "indeed, I could not change. Amporo depends on us, is one of the family, and Alicia, who comes twice a week for the laundry, is also contented with us, as we are with her."

I thought of the succession of maids before Amporo: the lazy one who would not dust and who left the dishes sticky; the one who did not like us; the one who took the twins on the street and fed them until they became ill. I recalled the laundress who had returned the clothes gray and musty smelling. No, I would not part with Amporo who loved us and needed our home. Neither would I dismiss Alicia whose washings were white and clean smelling, and who was a poet by nature and made her two days with us a time of delight.

"I am sorry," I said again. "I cannot change."

Lolita's eyes still pleaded with me. "Could you not enlarge your household, Senora?" She lowered her eyes. "I . . . I have heard that you often cook. I could please you with my cooking, I am sure."

"I am sure you could," I said gravely polite, "but in my own country I was cook and maid and laundress in one. It is a great luxury for me to have Amporo, and I am afraid that, even if we could afford a cook, my husband would not be pleased. He wishes me to cook his meals."

She made one last effort. "The twins, Senora. Graciela and I could care for them and assist you in many ways I could mention. We would give you absolute freedom."

"I know you would be most helpful. Graciela charms my children, and they would learn much from her, but I like to be with my chil-

dren. One of the treasures Mexico has given me is leisure to spend with them. At home there was so much work, now I can enjoy them. And you must know," I said gently to end the interview, "that we are not wealthy people. Amporo and Alicia are all that we can afford."

She was dismissed, but I sensed her business was unfinished and I tried to end it. "Even in Mexico good servants are hard to get. You will easily find another home."

If I had thought to end our discussion, I was mistaken. Words poured from her in a torrent of bitterness, so unexpected after her gentle manners.

"You have exposed my trouble, Senora. I cannot go into every home with my daughter. Your home is a good one. Your husband is good and kind. I have seen, with my own eyes as I have made the tortillas in the garden." She gestured towards the open fireplace in the de Vargas garden across the low hedge of ivy and geraniums. "Also, the maids in the other household tell me of his goodness. Graciela would be safe in your house."

"But you have no need to worry. Graciela is still a child."

Her dark eyes flashed. "If that were only so. You have not noticed, Senora. Graciela is no longer a child. She will be eighteen her next birthday, a woman and a beautiful one."

MY eyes widened in astonishment. At that moment my twins chose to catapult themselves into the garden by way of the kitchen door, their laughter wild with excitement. Fast behind them came Graciela, her black hair streaming behind her in two long braids. She looked no more than twelve or thirteen.

"Oh, Mother," Marita cried, her blue eyes dancing, "Graciela is so funny. Look at the *burrito* she drew for us."

She held up a crayon drawing of a pathetic little donkey. Then the three of them threw themselves, laughing, on the red tiles in front of my bench.

I laughed with them as they broke into an excited conversation in Spanish, deciding that the donkey should carry *bano* wood, not baskets.

"Stand," Lolita prompted her daughter, and the girl rose swiftly to her feet, smoothing the folds of her faded blue cotton dress with its childish bodice and white collar.

In a flash Lolita wound the two long braids of hair into a coronet on Graciela's small head, and I saw what I had not seen before. Graciela was a young lady and a lovely one. Petite like her mother, her features as perfectly formed and her hair blue black, she was fairer of skin. Her eyes under the beautifully arched brows were a liquid brown.

I hesitated, not liking to ask the next question. "Her father, is he alive?"

With a practiced hand, Lolita dismissed the trio, her eyes dwelling sadly on Graciela. "Carlos, her father," she answered, turning to me, "was a man of my village. He was killed in a fight in the village over water rights. Two men were killed with him and Graciela was not yet born."

By now the sun was climbing high overhead and shone hot on my un-

covered head. To avoid the steaming heat, I sat on the bench again, shaded by the pomegranate tree. This time Lolita accepted my invitation, but she remained on the far end, erect, with hands clasped in front.

"I will not tire you with the story, Senora. It was a long time ago. All I will say is that it was necessary for me to live with his family. It was a house with milk and bread for all, but I had known my own house and could not live with another woman who considered herself superior to me and took my baby as if it had been born to her. I ran away and came to Mexico with a cousin who worked here. She found me a place in the diplomat's home."

I learned that Lolita had a place to stay. It was the old Urbina house, the home of her former mistress, and was in San Angel. It had been built by the Senora Urbina's family in colonial times, and in the late Senora's will she had stipulated that as long as old Ramon, the caretaker, lived, or as long as Lolita willed to live there, it was not to be sold. Ramon had broken his arm pruning a tree. While it healed, he was having a hard time to till the garden, which gave them sustenance. If she could not live in my house, she would try to find day work so that she could live in the house and care for Ramon.

"You see, Senora, I cannot take my child into any home. She is too attractive." She sat on the bench listless and sad, as only a Mexican can be sad.

I stirred uneasily in the shade. For some reason unknown to me I had been selected to help, and I resented it. In the still heat of the garden I could hear my husband's warning voice, "Remember, you can't change the world . . . you don't have to get in the middle of every injustice you hear about . . . . Remember what happened the last time you tried to help the people across the street . . . remember . . . remember . . . ."

DETERMINED to have nothing more to do with Lolita's trouble, I could not help wondering what would be the future of her child. Lolita answered my thoughts, her eyes dark with passion.

"My child, Senora, she must have a better future." She spoke with vehemence, as if something long smoldering in her had burst into flame. "She has goodness, intelligence, beauty, and, as I told you, she has been educated. She speaks, Senora, three languages besides her native Spanish—English, French, and German. Proudly she rolled the words on her tongue.

"She is indeed accomplished." I thought of my struggles to be proficient in one language not native to me. As I sat there, seemingly idle, my brain flashed frantic messages. The girl must be helped. She must be kept in school until she could. find suitable work. Where could she work—in an embassy, in an American's office? A little warning bell sounded.

"Something should be done to help her." I said it lamely.

By now the flame of passion in Lolita had burned itself out. She drooped on the bench, her face older, her eyes despondent.

I ignored the warning bell. "You must let me think a bit, let me talk with Graciela."

"If only you will, Senora." There was a straw of hope in her.

Now, I thought, the woman will go. I must myself get about the day. I was in my robe, and it would soon be time to start dinner.

"Is there something else you wanted to say?"

Lolita's face resumed its calm beauty. She smiled at me in gratitude. "If you will be good enough to give me another moment. Yesterday, when your little ones were hunting a book for Graciela, she saw two books on your shelf."

"Yes," I nodded encouragingly.

"They were two books of religion, one a Book of Mormon, one a history of the Mormon Church."

My whole face opened in astonishment. "Do you know them?"

Her smile was warm as the sun. "In Buenos Aires, Senora, we heard of your Church. We attended some meetings and met with your missionaries."

THE unknown reason why she had persisted! It was almost incredible.

"Did you like what you saw and heard?"

"Oh, yes, Senora, we did," she said, her shoulders straight. "How shall I say it, your religion gave me a hope I had never had before."

"What was that hope?"

"It is hard for an unlearned person like myself to tell you."

You do very well, I thought.

"It made me feel that someday I could be free—to make my own choices . . . and that sometime if I tried hard enough I could live in dignity. That I, too, had the divine spark."

"You put it very well, Lolita. That is the promise of our religion."

"It meant even more," she went on eagerly. "It made me believe my daughter would have a better chance. It is a simple religion, *verdad*, simple enough to live by each day, and yet so deep it might change my very soul."

I thought of the poor of many countries who had had that same dream, way back in the nineteenth century. Among them had been my own people, and the promise was just as bright today.

"Are you a member of the Church?"

"It is not that easy, Senora. I have been reared in another faith, one that has been part of my people for a time so long I cannot say."

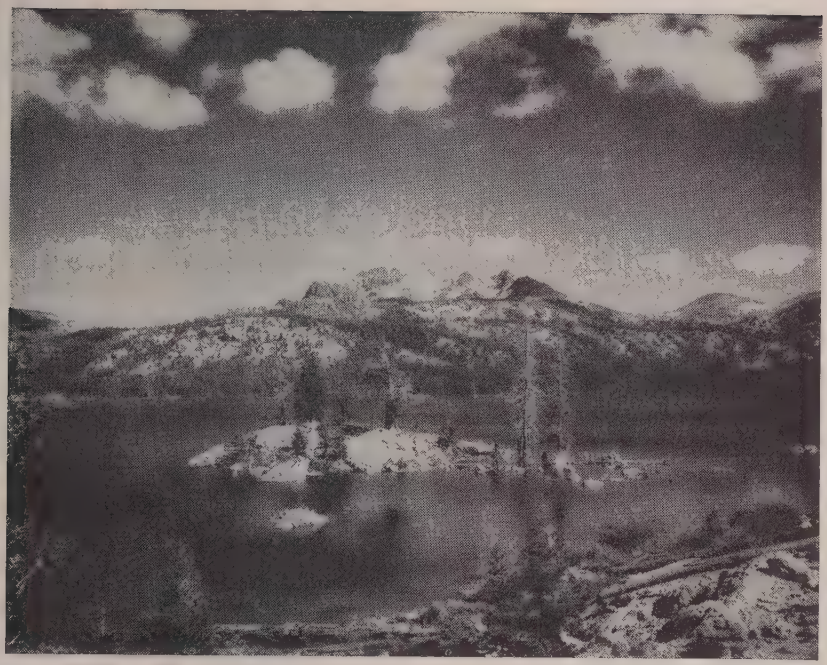
Yes, you have lived your life in a blend of pagan and religious mysteries. Will you be able to grow enough to absorb this religion with its new and hard-won freedom? Are you strong enough for it?

As if she read my thoughts, she said, "We have not had a chance to know ourselves in this new religion. Just as we began to learn, we came away. Here in Mexico has been a time of illness. I do not know if there is a Church here or missionaries who will help us."

I told her that *El Presidente* and his wife lived in Mexico City, that in a remote Colonia was a new chapel. The first Sunday morning my husband was free we would take her.

I made no further promise to Lolita, but when she left, my head swirled with plans. I called to Graciela to leave the children in the front corridor. I had to know what dreams, what plans she had.

(*To be continued*)



Don Knight

SYLVAN LAKE, CALIFORNIA

Canyon Storm

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Where oak thickets thrive near the still water's brink,
A little gray fawn came at nightfall to drink.
From somewhere a wind voiced a strange melody . . .
A wind on the lake like a great storm at sea.

The rain began softly, then suddenly splashed,
The lightning grazed treetops and bold thunder crashed,
Resounding through mountains and down valleys green,
But dawn found the deer and the canyon serene.

In tree-lined old corridors, flowers reached up
To hold sylvan sunlight in each perfumed cup.
Benign skies bent over the cool, quiet heights,
After the canyon's grand midsummer rites.

Your Journal Tells Me...Grandma

Melba S. Payne

I wish I could sit close beside you tonight, Grandmother, and have you tell me firsthand of the things I am reading about in your journal. I read many things between the lines which I believe you would confirm for me.

You were a young bride when you left your comfortable home in Nauvoo, full of love, life, and romance. Expectations and plans for the future must have filled many of your waking hours.

I would not want to trade this age for yours, Grandmother, but I wish I might have known, as you did, the Prophet Joseph Smith and might have seen him as you saw him, astride the fine black horse your father gave to him.

"What are you doing with that fine animal?" the Prophet had asked, as he passed your father's pasture in Nauvoo.

"I am training him for you, Sir," said your father, and right then the Prophet left with the shiny black mount which became a favorite with him.

I am sure many times you saw the Prophet pass your home on his way to and from his office, and I imagine you could never forget the voice of the runner as he came through the streets of Nauvoo bringing the sad news of the Prophet's death and that of his brother Hyrum. What mixed emotions you must have had that day when you went with your mother and your sisters into the fields, trembling with fear and apprehension for what might happen next! What did you think later, when you passed the biers of Joseph and Hyrum?

After the long journey across the plains, did you glimpse a beautiful mirage in Salt Lake Valley when you came down from the mountains? Were you greatly disappointed to find only sunflowers and sage growing here, and big black crickets crawling about on the sun-baked earth?

How did you feel when you moved into your first home, which was a small dugout in the big field which had been staked out by your father? When the rains leaked through the dirt roof of this abode, I can almost hear you say, "How glad I am that I brought along such a fine umbrella." I am sure that you did not complain, either, when pigweeds and thistles formed the main course of your daily diet. You represented many more who, like you, were indomitable in the face of rugged pioneering.

Vicariously, I share with you the trying, hopeless days that preceded the incident which inspired the Latter-day Saints to build the only monument in the world erected to the memory of a bird.

I read about the happy day when you moved into your new, large adobe home, after living in your second valley home which was a log cabin. This roomy place was durable and inviting. It still stands today, gaunt and lonely. Now I remember things, too, about some of my visits there. A quiet dignity

always seemed to hover about the house whenever I went exploring. I would imagine I could see you sitting by a cradle pressing the rocker with one foot while your hands were busy making rag carpets to cover the wide board floor of your "front room." Just behind the house stood the summer kitchen, with a cool, dirt cellar underneath. I paused there one time and imagined I could see, there on the shelves, the pans of milk, with thick yellow cream crinkling on top against the time for skimming. In a corner was an old, broken, wooden churn. It was this which prompted this quiet reverie. Outside, close by the summer kitchen, was an old smokehouse where all the neighbors used to bring their fresh hams and bacon to be cured for the winter.

Days in this home were more unhampered and secure for you, Grandmother. No longer did you need to gather saleratus from the ground to make the leaven for your bread, and no longer did you need to drain watered ashes to get lye with which to make your homemade soap. You could buy lye in cans, and those little hard Magic Yeast cakes were surely welcome to all, although you seldom needed a new "start," because you loaned and borrowed a yeast sponge which was kept fresh by several users.

In this new West you had many joyous, happy times. You did not lack for entertainment. There were many dances and celebrations. The drama was all important, too. In the theaters, your journal tells me, you were entertained by local talent and also by traveling professional troupes who presented some great plays, operas, minstrels, and ballets for your enjoyment. I am told how much you loved these entertainments.

Were you thrilled, Grandmother, as you watched the building of the temple in Salt Lake City? Did it remind you of the building of that other temple in Nauvoo, where you had carried your father's lunch to him as he labored on its construction?

I know that you saw, on that eventful day in August 1844, the mantle of the Prophet fall on Brigham Young as he, Brigham, spoke to the large congregation in Nauvoo concerning who was to lead the Church in such critical times. I wonder what this meant to you, as you sat there with your family. Your journal tells me you witnessed that miracle.

I have just come from a visit to Aunt Mandy's. She is your third child and is now one hundred years of age. Her keen memory has helped me to expand this sharing of your life with you.

In your day, Grandmother, the only hazard on the streets was an occasional runaway horse or team; but death rides our highways today. I still say, I would not trade my day for yours; but I would barter for some of the peace and quiet of your day that I might tread more slowly through the years. Just for tonight, however, I have felt a calm serenity in going back through your years and some of my own. I have gained new strength and a faith that will help me to carry on; all because of reviewing these things of which you have told me in your journal.

Strength

Edith Larson

THE four wagons reached the grassy top of the first foothills the third night. Hannah paused in the supper chores to watch the afterglow fade from the crests, so much closer here and so much more massive.

From the other side of the valley the mountains had been friends, a rampart against the Indians and bad men that lurked in the barrens to the east.

"Take a good look." It was Amos who had come up silently beside her. "Tomorrow we'll be in too close to see the top."

Ashamed to have been caught idle, Hannah turned back to the fire and stirred the stew simmering in the iron kettle. Did Amos guess the fears that filled her?

After her first exclamation of dismay when he had broken the news to her that they would join his father's family and answer the call for settlers for the eastern valleys, Hannah had tried to hide her reluctance and join wholeheartedly in the preparations. She had married Amos to be a helpmate to him, not a millstone around his neck.

But to leave the twenty-year-old settlement where she was born and found a home in a wild canyon! To leave the adobe oven in the yard where a week's supply of bread for the whole family could be baked in one day, and go back to baking on an open fire! To leave the well with its windlass-raised bucket in order to carry water from a creek! To leave the companionship of two hundred people and her own family circle to share all her days with Father John, Mother Mary, and their children!

Her own mother had always been telling her how easy life was today compared to her own pioneering days. Could she, Hannah, measure up to the hardships and uncertainties of wilderness life? It was one thing to be a good wife to a steady young brickmaker with regular hours and a comfortable cabin to house his bride — it would be another thing entirely to meet the crises of home building and family rearing in an empty valley beyond the mountains.

And most frightening of all to Hannah, was her new-found certainty that her family would have its beginning during the dead of this coming winter.

Amos had followed her to the fire, frowning a little. "It looks a long way up there from here, but we don't need to go the whole way at once. One day's journey at a time isn't so far. That's all we face each morning."

Hannah ladled out a plate of stew and brought it to him, smiling with the touch of shyness that always overcame her when she really looked at this strapping big husband of hers. "Thank you, Amos," she said. "I'll not forget. One day's journey at a time."

It was a wonderful thought. She hugged it to her and included it in

her prayers. "Oh, Lord, give me strength to face just one day's journey at a time."

Thus she began the practice of praying each morning for just the day that was dawning.

IT was well that Hannah was thinking in terms of one day only, for in terms of weeks the disasters mounted alarmingly. The trail laid out by Amos' brother Joshua proved impassable for wagons. Three weeks were lost in fruitless effort, in backtracking, and in making a hasty survey of other canyons.

The last wagon was roped down the last rock barrier and the train wound slowly into the open valley on the thirteenth of August, one month behind schedule.

John ordered no rest until a permanent camp was set up. Hannah was glad that Amos was kept so busy, for it would give her time to recover from her horror at the sight of her new home.

The straggly fringe of willow brush along the creek was a poor substitute for the stately cottonwoods and slender aspens back home. The sun was already down, for the mountains rose close at their backs; but the heat still shimmered on the red and gray ridges that stretched to the east as far as she could see. All was barren rock except the fan-shaped creek bottoms where rank grass spelled just one word to Hannah—her dreaded snakes.

Looking back, she thought perhaps she should be grateful for the ugly rattler whose swaying head and darting tongue had held her in fascinated horror until Amos had pinned it down with a forked stick. For that rescue marked the beginning of his courtship. However, this trek across the mountain had increased her fear of snakes.

She was glad when the men chose a barren knoll for their campsite rather than the high grass nearer the creek. Here they turned the four wagons carefully, making a square. Boxes of goods were hoisted on top and the thickest willows laid across for rafters to support the leafy branches that topped this makeshift bowery. The shade would be welcome, but it offered little protection from storms. The structure was crowded with Mary and John's eight younger children and Joshua's two motherless little ones. In this treeless valley, nothing else was possible.

Family prayers were late that night, made later yet because Amos whet a scythe and mowed a path through the rank grass to the creek. More than ever, Hannah was thankful that she had had time to hide her dismay from his searching eyes. Since God had blessed her with a good man who even cared for her weaknesses, the least she could do was not to complain.

In the late family council, Amos reluctantly agreed that all three men would have to return up the mountain to cut timber for cabins instead of one man remaining with the women.

Lying beside him, later yet, Hannah knew he was sleepless from worry.

"We will be all right," she whispered. "Your mother is a tower of strength, and young Daniel is almost a man grown. Soon you will be hauling the logs down."

Amos sighed. "It is not the way we planned, but time is running out. We must have cabins before winter sets in. You will be all right, Hannah."

"Yes, I will be all right."

One day at a time. Not a day's journey now, but a day's work that began with the rising sun and continued through the scorching afternoons until darkness laid its damper on the heat.

FROM the first, the housework and responsibility for the children fell to Hannah, for Mary helped Daniel and the two younger boys in working the one team of oxen the men left. First the rank grass had to be cut, cured, and piled in a stone corral which Hannah and the children made. Each acre was plowed and planted as fast as it was cleared, because no one knew how late a fall they could count on here.

In this one thing the new settlement was blessed: the frost held off until the men were back the first of November. In spite of her homesickness, Hannah was grateful. The logs for the cabins had been cut and brought down without serious mishap. The garden truck, though meager, at least promised a better diet for the winter. The winter wheat was well stooled out.

Even though the two cabins were raised during howling wind storms that threatened their temporary shelter, she was thankful, for the snows held off until both cabins were snug.

She was thankful, again, that Mary insisted that Joshua and his two children share the bigger cabin with them and leave Amos and Hannah alone. Alone for the first time in six months. Really alone, for the first blizzard howled out of the east and there seemed to be no end to it.

When, after three days of infernal shrieking, the wind finally died down, Hannah and Amos stepped out into a white world. The knoll on which their cabin stood was almost bare, but the creek bottom between them and the canyon lay buried in drifts many feet deep.

Going ahead, Amos beat a trail to the other cabin. In places the loose snow was waist high on him, but Hannah, following in his footsteps, had easier going. They found the family at morning prayers and thankfully joined them.

Then the men set out to find the stock. All day Hannah helped with the children and made talk, though, as time passed, her heart became heavier and heavier. Painfully, she steeled herself to meet Amos cheerfully should the stock be lost.

The men came at last, Amos leading a heifer heavy with calf.

"We found six head of oxen in a natural shelter up the canyon three miles," John said as he sank exhausted onto a bench. "If the storms aren't too severe, they'll winter there all right—better than here where they'd get the full force of the wind."

Not a word of regret for the ones that were lost.

Amos was looking at Hannah. "Do you think we could share our cabin with a poor creature needing shelter?"

Share a cabin with a cow? But before she could protest, she looked once more at the swollen, heaving

sides and drooping head, and her heart went out to the poor creature in pity.

"Only for a few days, while we build a corral alongside the cabin," Amos assured her.

WHEN the new corral was finished and the heifer in it, Hannah found that she missed her. She missed the warmth of her body and the soft moo that followed her own heavy movements about the room. She could still hear the heifer stirring in her new shelter, and she took great pleasure in caring for the creature herself.

When the heifer safely gave birth to a red bull calf, Hannah was as proud as the mother. The family Christmas day was made happier for everyone with a taste of fresh milk.

Amos took Hannah home before the day was half over. His anxious glances at the eastern sky were not lost on her. Once inside their own cabin, with the fire blazing cheerfully, he took a coil of rope down from its peg on the wall.

Seeing Hannah's wonder, he told her, "I thought it might be a good idea to string a rope from here to the other cabin, as a guide in case of a bad storm."

Hannah went white. "Do you think it is going to storm again like it did before?" she asked.

Amos looked at her soberly. "I don't know," he said. "That's the real trouble. I don't know. No one that we know of ever wintered here before."

Hannah wet her lips. "It will be a comfort to know we are connected with the other cabin," she managed to say.

Amos smiled down at her tenderly. "Yes," he answered, "it will be a comfort."

The wind was rising steadily when he returned. Standing in the door of the corral, Hannah watched his progress along the rope. He held on with one hand and with the other sheltered his face against the wind which now carried stinging particles of sleet-like snow. The rope looked so frail!

"That rope is quite an idea," he said, as he came in stamping his feet and brushing ice particles out of his beard.

"I am glad you thought of it," Hannah told him and hung his wet jacket where it would dry.

But when, three nights later, she woke with the knowledge that her time was upon her, she lay as still as she could instead of waking Amos. The wind was still whistling down the chimney. Out there, in the snow-laden darkness, half buried in the drifts piled up during the past three days of unceasing blizzard, a frail rope linked two cabins.

If she roused him, Amos would try to follow the rope although he had avoided trying it yesterday even by daylight.

THE other storm had lasted three days. Perhaps this one would subside by morning. She clenched her fists and fought back the moans that wanted to come in spite of her.

Time stretched on and on and on. She lay back exhausted from the struggle to suffer silently and became aware that Amos was leaning over her with a lighted candle.

"How long?" he asked anxiously.

"It—doesn't matter," she gasped.

"Mary could never make it in this blizzard."

"She'll make it if I have to carry her," he promised as he struggled into his coat.

"Don't leave me," Hannah whispered. But perhaps she didn't say it loud enough. At least she knew that he was gone. She began to pray. Strength for just one day, oh, God. Strength . . . strength . . . just . . . one . . . day.

And then Amos's big, rough hand was holding hers. A murmur of voices underlay the screams that she could no longer hold back. She mustn't scream, for Amos's sake, but she knew she was.

The pain went on and on until she sank into a stupor of exhaustion.

But someone was calling her back. Above the howl of the storm she could hear someone calling. Her worn-out body resisted the call, longing to rest and gain strength in the blessed peace of absence from pain.

The call was too strong. Even before she wearily opened her eyes, she recognized it. Her first-born was screaming lustily—screaming a protest she must answer. But surely Mary knew better than she what the infant needed!

It took an effort to turn her head toward the sound. A larger fire than usual filled the other side of the cabin with leaping shadows. The flickering light played on the homemade table over which two tall figures bent.

"Mary," Hannah whispered.

But it was Amos and Joshua who were caring for the screaming infant.

"Hannah, are you all right?" Amos asked quickly.

"Where is Mary?"

"Mother is down with a fever," Joshua answered. "We didn't come and tell you for fear of worrying you. And there was nothing you could do."

"She gave us full instructions," Amos added, his voice heavy with unexpressed emotion. "We did the best we could."

HANNAH felt the implied apology, knowing that only the presence of Joshua kept Amos from saying more.

"You did well," she hastened to reassure him. "Listen to our baby!"

"It's all right for him to cry like that, then?" Amos asked anxiously.

Helplessly, Hannah wondered how she was supposed to know. Every nerve in her worn-out body begged her to rise and take the screaming child away from the clumsy ministrations of the two men.

If only her mother were here! Or Mary with her wealth of practical experience. Hannah tried to remember all she had heard about the care of newborn babies. But how could she concentrate with that agonized wail filling the little cabin?

Surely there was something she could do. Anxious to finish the task, the men had turned back to their job. The heart-rending cries went on, undiminished, a shrill obligato to the howling wind.

She *must* get up and go to her baby. She must.

Gathering all her strength, Hannah slowly pulled herself to a sitting position on the side of the bed. No

one heard the sound of the rustling straw.

As Hannah's feet touched the cold earth, weakness flowed over her in a sickening wave. She lowered her head until it passed, then slowly sat upright.

She could never gain her feet. Never.

Slowly she inched her way to the head of the bed until her groping hand found a wooden clothes peg along the wall. Clinging to it and using all the strength she could summon, she pulled her weight erect.

She was on her feet! Triumphantly she took a step away from the wall. The fire flashed in a vivid circle as the floor rose to meet her.

WHEN she regained consciousness, she was back on the bed. The cabin was dimly shadowed, the only light coming from the low-burning fire. The baby was in his cradle on the hearth, still crying, but weakly, pitifully. The storm had ceased. In the lean-to she could hear Joshua talking to the heifer as he tried to milk her.

Amos knelt by her bed, his head buried in the quilt. She reached out and touched his hair.

"Hannah!"

Though he raised his head from the covers, it still drooped on slumped shoulders. His big hands covering hers were cold and clammy.

"Hannah, what can I say? If I could only have suffered for you! But I promise you when the mountain pass is clear, we will leave this place and go back. No future child of yours will be born where there is no one to call on for help."

Hannah's heart leaped for joy. "Oh, Amos!" She was too overcome to say more.

"I should never have taken you away in the first place. You are too delicate for pioneering."

"Amos, bring me our son."

Heavily, he obeyed, placing the closely wrapped bundle on her arm. Hannah pulled back the blanket and looked at the tiny red face, screwed up in misery. The weakness of its cry frightened her. Back home, with Mother . . . .

But her heart was filled with gratitude. God had given her such a wonderful husband — so good and kind and strong. So full of love for her that he would turn his face away from his destiny for her sake.

Her joy went as quickly as it had come. To go back was to admit that she had failed him. Oh, Amos would never blame her openly. He would not need to. She would blame herself.

The old familiar prayer of the past months came from her anguished heart, so deeply in need of strength.

She felt the answer. She felt buoyed up as she said the words she knew she must say. "We can't go back, Amos. Others will join us here. We have a valley to conquer for our first-born."

The heavy shoulders straightened as Amos looked down into her face. "You want to stay, after all you've been through?" he queried, his eyes searching her face for a truthful answer.

"It's only one day at a time, Amos. God will give us strength for one day at a time."

The truth was shining in her face.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TRAVELS IN IDAHO: Here I am in the wonderful Snake River Valley with the famous Teton Peaks towering in the eastern sky white with their everlasting mantle of snow . . . . Since leaving Salt Lake City one month ago, I have visited twenty-seven towns holding three meetings in each. I have traveled two hundred and fifty miles by train and nearly five hundred by team, over hills and dales, through canyons and mountain gorges, over sage brush plains and lava beds, along shady glens and fragrant meadows . . . . We have many ditches, creeks and canals to ford, sometimes the water coming into the wagon bed . . . . Many of the little towns are situated along the picturesque banks of the Snake River . . . . When the little towns and hamlets become large cities with towers and spires reaching heavenward, and the plains covered with extensive orchards, then we may expect a change in climate as we have found in our own loved Utah.

—Ellis R. Shipp

THE FUTURE CONQUEROR

Hear the soft patter of little feet,
Keeping their step in the march of time;
List to the voice of childhood sweet
Singing the song of our cause sublime;
Steady each footfall, though light and free,
Faltering not as they onward press,
Cheering the strains of the melody,
Telling of peace and righteousness . . . .

—Edited by L. A. C. Penniman

RELIEF SOCIETY IN BEAR LAKE STAKE: The conference of the Bear Lake Stake Relief Society convened at Bloomington, May 29, 1895, President Julia P. Lindsay presiding . . . . Opening remarks were then made by Sister Lindsay, in which she expressed pleasure at being enabled to meet with us in conference . . . . She also said that as Sister E. Collings and herself were getting old and were not able to take their journey through their stake as they used to, it was thought wise for her to select another aid, accordingly Sister Amelia Hodge was chosen and unanimously sustained as an aid to the presidency of the Relief Society . . . . Counselor E. Collings then arose and said notwithstanding her great age and feeble body she still had a strong desire to perform every duty devolving upon her as far as she was able . . . . Sister Fretwell said she had lived in Nauvoo at the time of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith; said she knew Brigham Young was the legal successor of the Prophet, for the first time she heard him speak after the martyrdom, it was Joseph's and not Brigham's voice; said this was a great testimony to her of the divinity of the work . . . .

—Sec., R. S.

WOMAN SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS: Miss Estelle Reel, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wyoming . . . . is reported as saying: The fact that I am a woman did not keep me from bearing my share of the burdens of the campaign, financial or otherwise. I traveled over most of the State of Wyoming . . . much of the distance being covered by stagecoach or wagon. I did not make any attempt at oratory in my speeches . . . . Of course some of the eastern papers tried to manufacture a funny side to the campaign . . . . Well, to make a long story short, the battle was won.

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. LAVINA CHRISTENSEN FUGAL, a Latter-day Saint woman from Pleasant Grove, Utah, is the American "Mother of the Year" for 1955. She is the seventy-five-year-old mother of eight children, all college graduates of fine characters and capabilities. She helped all of them with their education by doing such hard work as gathering fruit, selling garden flowers, and raising chickens. She has contributed greatly to civic and Church activities as well. "I wish all homes held the family love and affection that have always existed in our home," says her daughter, Mrs. Vida Swenson.

MADAME ADRIENNE BUCK, French language instructor at the University of Utah, received in March the medal of Knight of the Legion of Honor, by decree of the President of the Republic of France. Louis de Guiringaud, San Francisco Consul General of France, made the presentation, for Madame Buck's success in furthering closer relations between America and France. As French Consular Agent for the Intermountain Area, she has lectured extensively in America to further understanding of French people and problems. She is now an American citizen.

ANN MORROW LINDBERGH'S new book, *Gift From the Sea*, reveals a woman's earnest search for individual integrity and spiritual fulfillment in our complex and demanding society.

MRS. MARBA C. JOSEPHSON, associate managing editor of the *Improvement Era*, has been named chairman of editors, National League of American Penwomen, and will direct all the editorial contests sponsored by the League.

LUCILLE M. and her husband, Elmer C. Johnson, of Spanish Fork, Utah, received the 1955 American Association for the Advancement of Science Award of $100 for their research on bee-flies belonging to between 250 and 300 species.

OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT, of Salt Lake City, Utah, well-known author and contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, recently received the Certificate of Merit awarded by Boys Clubs of America for their favorite books published in 1954. Thirty-seven hundred boys voted on five hundred books. Mrs. Burt's award book is *Camel Express*, published by John C. Winston Company.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 JULY 1955 NO. 7

The Towers of Liberty

And it came to pass also, that he (Moroni) caused the title of liberty to be hoisted upon every tower which was in all the land . . . (Alma 46:36).

THE years between the initiation of Government under the Constitution in 1789, and the organization of the Church in 1830, were a time of preparation, expansion, enlargement. Men looked towards the frontiers of mountains, far rivers, and the unexplored dominions of a vast and varied land. The restlessness of their pioneering was mirrored in their minds and in their spirits. In that time of the establishment of many freedoms, including religious freedom—many diligent seekers were looking for a true and vital faith to sustain them in their individual yearnings and in their relationships with their fellow men.

Then came the blessings of the restoration and the further enlightenment of revelation from God under the guidance of a Prophet. New towers of freedom appeared in the land, and men were instructed anew in the ancient principles of liberty and law — free agency and obedience. Of that time of expectation and fulfillment President Brigham Young has said:

> We believe that the Lord has been preparing that when he should bring forth his work, that, when the set time should fully come, there might be a place upon his footstool where sufficient liberty of conscience should exist, that his Saints might dwell in peace under the broad panoply of constitutional law and equal rights . . . to bring to pass the purposes of God, in thus establishing a new government upon the principles of greater freedom, a basis of self-government allowing the free exercise of religious worship (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 359-360).

After the proclamation of exodus, when the "empire of wagons" moved to the West, the feelings of liberty and spiritual exaltation were increased, in harmony with the spaciousness of the beckoning land and the dreams of permanent homes in the valleys far away in the sentinel mountains. There came to the weary ones at evening in the light of campfires, the far vision of Church spires and uplifted temple walls, of work and worship in a protected place.

So the caravans of the faithful came into the valleys of the mountains—not to an easy land of lush greenery and natural bounty. Rather, that vanguard of frontiersmen came to a land that yielded only to unceasing effort and unlimited hope. But those who came early to the valleys were comforted, encouraged, and exalted, because they experienced the lofty strivings of spiritual frontiers. Though their feet were firmly planted in the desert earth, they looked unto the high

mountains, and they heard the voice of spiritual direction.

Beneath their touch the stony places became green fields; the stark hillside blossomed with orchards; the rivers, once undirected, flowed into canals and then as silver ditches in the dark furrows. Those first tillers of the soil felt a great surge of liberty, and yet obedience and law tempered their individual expansion.

Liberty poles were erected in the villages, and the flag of the United States of America waved in the sun-clean air of the mountain valleys. The Fourth and the Twenty-fourth became not only holidays, but memorial days—a time of thanksgiving for the heritage of the past; the gift of liberty became a living, glowing banner, and even the children, attending meetings in the boweries and in the meetinghouses, knew why the flag waved and why the elders of Zion spoke of "our Nation" and of "Utah the Queen of the West." Even the children realized the symbolism portrayed by the Goddess of Liberty on the Fourth of July, and the lovely young woman who represented "Utah" on the Twenty-fourth. And who among those who rejoiced in the valleys could fail to be attuned to the bands that greeted the holiday mornings with a great stirring of bugles? Who among those who had come from afar could fail to be humbled and uplifted by the prayers that arose in petition for continued liberty in the land—and a supplication asking the Heavenly Father to guide and bless the chosen ones entrusted with the government and the destiny of the people, for they "took upon them the name of freedom . . . for the freemen had covenanted to maintain their rights and the privileges of their religion by a free government . . . ." (Alma 51:6).

So it has come as an assignment to our generation that we remember and revere the eternal principles of liberty and law, that we proclaim the divine origin of these principles. The exercise of individual liberty under law is not antagonistic to group co-operation. Rather, it is the strong person, strong in law and liberty, who has something to give and to contribute to his group. The individual must first possess his own soul and know his source of strength, know his own direction, before he can turn in service to others, upholding and proclaiming law and liberty.

—V. P. C.

When Waited Vine Is Answer

Dorothy J. Roberts

By a word you swept a wider valley's girth,
By dear belief pushed mountains to the sea;
Spread with manna every desert twig,
And built your faith a shelter over me.

In Memoriam—Ida Smoot Dusenberry

May 5, 1873—April 24, 1955

IDA Smoot Dusenberry, beloved leader among women, died April 24, 1955, less than two weeks before her eighty-second birthday. Of pioneer heritage, she was the daughter of Abraham Owen Smoot and Anna Kirstine Mouritsen Smoot. In early childhood her artistic and intellectual abilities were evident. After her graduation from the Brigham Young Academy in 1897, she attended Chauncey Hall College in Boston and Columbia University in New York City. Her husband, George A. Dusenberry, died when their two children were young, and Sister Dusenberry supported them by becoming a schoolteacher. She was principal of the Kindergarten Normal Training School at Brigham Young University from 1910 to 1921. Later, she became professor of psychology at B. Y. U. and continued in that position until her retirement.

Sister Dusenberry's service in Relief Society covered a long period of time and her accomplishments were noteworthy. In 1901, she was appointed second counselor to President Bathsheba W. Smith, thus becoming intimately associated with that noble woman. During the years of her membership in the presidency, Sister Dusenberry was a delegate to a meeting of the National Council of Women held at Washington, D. C., and a delegate to meetings of the International Council held in Berlin, Germany; Toronto, Canada; and Christiania, Norway, as well as representing Relief Society at many other important meetings and conventions. She continued as a member of the general board after her release from the presidency in 1910 and served until 1921. An inspirational speaker, her addresses in Relief Society conferences and conventions will long be remembered. She helped initiate the movement for uniform courses of lessons in Relief Society, and she supported wholeheartedly all activities planned for the education of mothers. Helpful articles on the psychology of children were written by her and published in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

In her later years she found much joy in renovating and refurnishing the family home in Provo, Utah, where many friends and relatives came to share the beauty of her flower gardens and her gracious hospitality. Always appreciative of her many gifts and abilities, she shared them freely with others throughout her long and useful life.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for Sunday, November 6, 1955 will be mailed to Relief Society stake presidents early in August. We urge stake presidents to distribute these programs to the wards immediately upon receipt of them.

In order to allow ample time for preparation, the numbers to be sung by the Singing Mothers in the special program for November 6, 1955, are listed below and will be available by August 1, 1955.

"O Lord, Most Merciful" from Concone, arranged by Ira B. Wilson, S. S. A. #6208, published by Lorenz Publishing Company, 501 East Third Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Price 18 cents.

"Peace I Leave With You," by Roberts, S. S. A. #5065, published by G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 East 43d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Price 16 cents.

If your local dealer is unable to supply these numbers, they may be ordered from the following stores:

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

Boy Wanted

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

I have need for a boy in my kitchen,
To approve of my culinary art,
To butter my mornings with questions,
To put spice in my middle-aged heart;

Anticipatory, impatient,
A boy eager and ready to eat;
With a grin hiding under a doughnut—
Unimpressed with today's cost of meat.

I have need for a boy in my kitchen,
With an appetite deep as a wish,
With a finger to salvage loose frosting,
And, especially, to clean out the dish.

Quilting

Counselor Velma N. Simonsen

"THERE is only one way to make a quilt and that is the way our grandmothers and their grandmothers did it" (Ruth E. Finley).

Terms We Should Know

The definitions of quilting terms have not changed in the history of quilt making. There are three main types of quilts:

The Comforter: Top and back made of unpieced material
The appliqued quilt
The patchwork quilt or pieced quilt

Patchwork Quilts

Choosing a Pattern

To make a patchwork quilt the first thing to do is to choose a pattern. There are thousands of quilt patterns, ranging from the simple four or nine patch quilts to the very intricate pattern.

Cutting the Patches

With the aid of scrap bag and scissors, the next thing to do when making a patchwork quilt is to cut the patches. They must be cut carefully and accurately so that each piece will fit into its proper place. A help in insuring accuracy, is to make your cutting guide or pattern from No. 00 grade sandpaper. The material should be free from wrinkles before cutting. Do not press seam open but to one side of block.

Piecing the Blocks

Sew together to form a block the patches you have cut. The term "block" means a complete pattern composed of patches pieced together or appliqued. The block is usually more attractive if light and dark patches are sewed together alternating, or plain and print material may be alternated.

Setting Together

This term means sewing the finished blocks together. This may be done by simply joining the blocks, but it is more effective to combine them with strips or squares of white or plain-colored material. The material used, as well as the method used for setting the blocks together, is sometimes called "set." This is usually determined by the pattern being copied.

The Top

The "top" is the completed patchwork blocks, set, and border, if making a patchwork or appliqued quilt; or length of material sewed together, if making a quilt of plain material. The seams of the top should be pressed well to one side.

The Back

The "back" is made of lengths of yard goods stitched together to make a piece of material the size of the top. Press seams open.

The Batt

The "batt" is the filling that is placed between the *top* and the *back*. It may be all wool, part wool, or it may be cotton. Part wool is most satisfactory for warmth. A No. 2 batt is required for a regulation quilt, size 81 inches by 90 inches.

Marking

"Marking" is tracing the quilting design on the top of the quilt. Different methods are used, such as transfer patterns, stencils, or freehand designs. Designs may be marked with chalk or pencil, or the quilting may follow the design of the block.

Quilting

"Quilting" is sewing a design with a running stitch through the top, the batt, and the back. Stitches must be through the entire quilt, guided underneath by the left hand. The stitches should be small and even and should be spaced close enough to hold the batt in place and keep it from wadding.

Rolling

"Rolling" means to turn the two side forms under, thus winding up the quilted portions so that the unquilted parts can be reached by the quilters.

Taking Out

This means removing the quilted quilt from the frames.

Binding

This is the finishing of the raw edges of the otherwise completed quilt. This may be done in several ways, such as turning a narrow edge of the back over the top and hemming it down, or by turning in the edges of the top and back, whipping or quilting the edges together, or the edges may be bound with bias tape.

Necessary Equipment

The Quilting Frames

The "frames" may be and are usually homemade. They consist of four strips of smooth wood, ordinarily one inch thick and from three to four inches wide. The two side strips are 108 inches long; the two end strips are 90 inches long. About one and one-half inches from the edge of each of these four wooden frames a two-inch strip of folded strong cotton (denim is good) cloth is tacked securely the entire length of each frame. To this the edges of the quilt are pinned.

The Thread

No. 24 sewing thread is best for quilting. However, regular quilting thread, tatting thread, and double-duty thread may also be used.

The Needles

Regular short quilting needles are best for quilting. Numbers 5, 6, and 7 are most satisfactory.

Materials

Beautiful quilts may be made from the following fabrics: chintz, percale, broadcloth, cretonne, sateen, and cotton flannel. For a more elaborate quilt, satin, or taffeta may be used.

Procedure in Making a Quilt

1. A regulation quilt, size 81" x 90" requires five yards of 40-inch to 42-inch material for each top and each back, if making a quilt of plain material; or five yards for the back only if making a patchwork quilt. If using 36-inch material, it will require six yards for each top and six yards for each back.

When using 40 to 42-inch material, cut two strips 2½ yards long, sew together lengthwise. This will make a regulation sized top or back.

When using 36-inch material, cut two strips 2½ yards long, sew together lengthwise. Cut remaining yard into three strips 12 inches wide. Sew ends together making a strip 90 inches or 2½ yards long by 12 inches wide. Sew this onto the other strips lengthwise, making the top and the back each 2⅓ yards by 2½ yards.

2. Set up frames on horses according to the measurements of the quilt. *Always place side frames on top of end frames to make rolling possible.*

3. Pin back of quilt to the frames, wrong side up. Place pins about four inches apart, parallel to frames, so they will not prick the hands when quilting.

4. Before unrolling the batt, pat it and fluff it as though it were a pillow. Gently stretch and fit it over the quilt back.

5. Place the top of the quilt on top of batt, *right side up*. Pin to the back, placing the pins as explained in No. 3.

6. Mark the quilt according to desired design.

7. Quilt by using running stitches as small and even as possible. Fineness of quilting will greatly enhance the value of the quilt.

8. Roll. When all reachable space on each of the four sides is quilted, remove pins on each end covering the area to be rolled. Do not try to reach too far. To do so is tiring and makes it difficult to make small even stitches. Roll sides of quilt under as far as desired. Repeat quilting and rolling from both sides until quilting is completed. When the quilting is completed remove the quilt from the frames, then trim and bind edges.

Wealth

Alma Weixelbaum

WEALTH! A word with infinite meanings, more relative than time. Infinite, because it has a different significance for every individual; relative, because it can be estimated solely by its possessor. A dream of empire; a few pieces of green wrapping paper.

To a painter, a glowing sunset, the snowy outline of ragged cliffs; to a farmer, it is acres of golden grain. For some, the means to visit far places or to purchase special luxuries; but even for these, it is usually the means to an end, not an end in itself.

To me? I am fabulously rich, for I have a multitude of friends who have been tried in the crucible of prosperity; tested in the acid of adversity; and proved pure gold; friends with hands eagerly outstretched to help in every emergency.

Within reach of my fingers are volumes that bring me the wisdom of all the ages; the epics of nations and of lovers. In them I can find the lilting ecstasy, the mellifluence and the stirring emotions of poesy; the eloquence and lofty rhetoric of prose.

On my walls I can see pictures envisioned in the souls of their creators, or, looking out of the window on a vaster canvas, are masterpieces of nature, etched on illimitable space. I can turn a knob and lie with closed eyes, steeping my soul in the peace and beauty, the grandeur and throbbing passion of music.

Some may have more material goods than others, but no man is poor who has eyes to see, ears to hear, and, above and beyond all, a heart to understand.

Bringing Home the Cows

Nell Murbarger

THE sunset had mounted in brilliancy until the entire western sky was blazing with color, as the cows and I trudged over the prairie hills toward home.

I walked along, and, removing my pink gingham sunbonnet, twirled it by the strings describing magnificent arcs and circles and figure eights. I dextrously used its stiffly-starched brim to shear seed heads from the prairie grass. No matter how good life might be, it was infinitely better when one's head was not bound about by the constricting tent of a starched sunbonnet. Especially was this true on warm summer evenings, when you were ten years old and wanted the prairie breeze to run its cool fingers over your braided hair and tickle deliciously around your throat!

Picking up a couple of pebbles, I flung them at Cherry and Pansy, the big red Guernseys, which had halted their homeward progress to snatch a few more nibbles of grass. Jack, the shepherd pup, who was supposed to help me bring the cows, was practically everywhere except at his post of duty. After tearing off madly in pursuit of a jackrabbit—none of which he ever quite managed to catch—he would make a leisurely and circuitous return across the hills, halting to bark long and joyously at every striped ground squirrel and fat prairie dog, detouring to chase sparrow hawks, and pausing, every few yards, to sniff at some fascinating hole in the ground.

Father always said Jack was the most worthless dog he had ever known; and that, man and boy, he had known a lot of dogs!

"If Jack was as smart as Uncle Jim Lockwood's Penny dog, you wouldn't have to make this long walk for the cows every night," Father had said that evening. "I could just say, 'Go fetch the cows, Jack!' and Jack would go fetch the cows without any help from anyone!"

That our giddy shepherd pup should ever be as smart as Uncle Jim's Penny seemed extremely doubtful. Nonetheless, it was a frightening prospect. I didn't want Jack to be smart. A little smartness wouldn't hurt I supposed; but, most definitely, I didn't want him smart enough to fetch the cows by himself! All times on the prairie were good times to a ten-year-old, but of all good times, there was none other so thoroughly good as these long evening rambles after the cows . . . .

I was still thinking about Jack, and what a catastrophe it would be if he ever got smart, when the dog's frantic barking drew my attention to a fat little billy owl, who was sitting on a fence post, quizzically turning his head to watch us pass. Knowing how much I liked the billy owls, Uncle Jim had warned me that I should never walk all the way around one of them.

"If you ever walk all the way around a billy owl," he had said, wagging a solemn finger under my

nose, "it'll just be too bad for your friend, Mr. Owl! He'll just keep turning his head, around and around, until, finally, he'll wring it plumb off!"

WHILE I knew almost for certain that Uncle Jim was only teasing me, I couldn't help wondering if any bird would actually wring its own neck. Could it possibly be so silly? I was remembering, now, something else Uncle Jim had said.

"You don't have to take my word for it," he had declared. "Just you walk all the way around a billy owl, sometime, and you'll see his head drop off!"

And now, here was I, and here was an owl; and one of the maxims in my copybook said there was no time like the present! Stealing a half-guilty glance toward the cows, I saw they were rambling on ahead quite as well as if I were at their heels, and Jack had bounded off several minutes before in pursuit of a killdeer.

Taking one deliberate step after another, with a brief pause between each two steps, I started around the bird, meanwhile keeping my eyes glued on his slowly pivoting head. A quarter of the way around and his bright yellow eyes were still following me. A third of the way . . . another step . . . and another! But now, as I neared the half-way point, with the owl still watching me closely, I began to grow a little alarmed!

Suppose Uncle Jim had been telling the truth and not only teasing me! Suppose the billy owl *did* wring his neck — how would I feel then? Just like a murderer, that's how! And if it ever became known that the president of the Hillcrest Liberty Bell Bird Club was guilty of contributing to the death of a billy owl . . . well, that was a prospect almost as frightening as the thought that Jack might someday become smart enough to fetch the cows!

Turning around, I retraced the half-circle I had made, the little owl's eyes and head now following me faithfully in the opposite direction. Only when he was quite restored to normalcy, did I leave him to his own affairs, and hurry off in pursuit of the cows, now far ahead.

While I still didn't believe Uncle Jim's story about the billy owl — not really and truly — I couldn't help being terribly glad that I had stopped when I did, and that I hadn't caused him to turn his head any farther . . . .

BEFORE I had quite overtaken the cows, I was startled by the sudden upspringing of a meadow lark from the ground at my feet. Only a few minutes search was enough to reveal the small, woven grass tunnel that led along the ground to the well-hidden nest and its four speckled eggs. I was still looking at the nest — being very careful not to touch it, or even breathe on it, lest the mother bird should refuse to return, when a lone curlew flapped overhead, giving voice to his long, low, wailing cry.

Something about this call of the curlews always left me with a shivery feeling down inside.

Uncle Jim said they spoke like that because they were mourning for the Old West, which would soon be gone.

"The curlew's like me and the

buffaloes," Uncle Jim had said. "He's a has-been! He's out-of-date! He don't fit into this new homesteader world of curtains at the windows and milch cows in the barn. He don't like this business of stringing barbed wire across God's great open range, and cutting it into little old half-mile squares, and plowing and planting it to wheat and barley and alfalfa and corn. He don't like it, because he belongs to the time when a man could ride all day in the saddle and never see a fence, or a house, or another man . . . nothing but white-faced cattle and sun and sky and waving wild grass.

"That's why the curlew mourns when he flies over the prairie . . . ."

When Uncle Jim talked like this it always sort of scared me and made me choke up, because I knew for certain, these times, he wasn't teasing me. It was a different sort of talk than the billy owl talk . . . .

Topping the last hill, the cows and Jack and I paused for a moment to look down on the little grove of green Norway poplars and the tiny cluster of unpainted buildings that spelled home. Giving a happy bark, Jack went bounding away down the slope toward the barn; and each of the cows, in turn, stretched out her head and gave voice to a long, satisfied moo.

As soon as she saw us approaching, Mother started for the stable, two bright galvanized milk pails looped over her arm, and Stripes, the tiger cat, tagging at her heels.

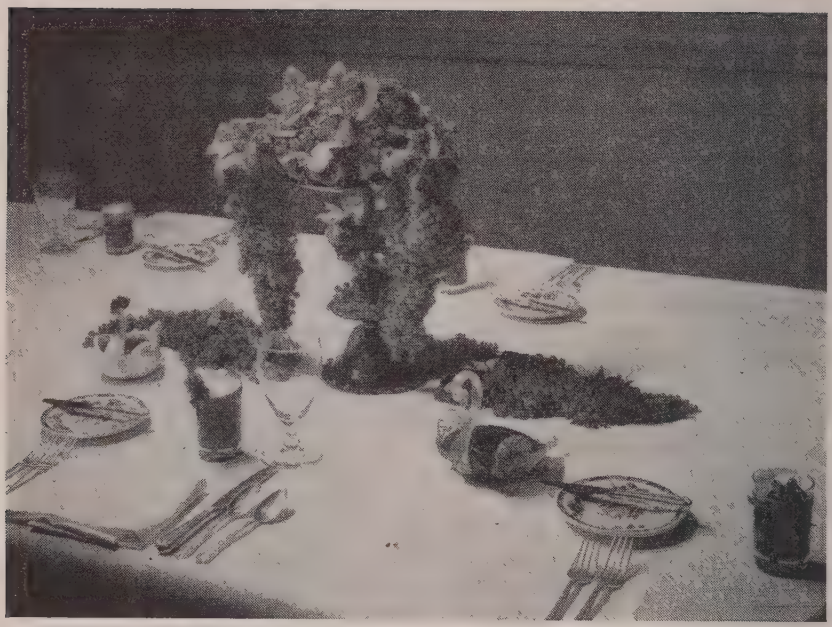
WHILE waiting for Mother to finish with the milking, I wandered through the barn. I liked its clean, sweet smell, its atmosphere of security and rightness and abundance. All the stalls were piled deeply underfoot with new wheat-straw bedding, the cows' mangers were filled with alfalfa hay, and the horses' feed boxes with corn. I stopped to peer up at the gable where my friends, the barn swallows and mud daubers, were going in and out of their neat little mud nests. I loved the trim swallows, but I wasn't so fond of the noisy, chattering sparrows who maintained a shabby colony of poorly-put-together nests in the shelter of the barn eaves. But Father said even the sparrows had a right to live their own lives, and, if they wanted to live in shabby nests, that should be their privilege.

With both pails filled to the brim, and the cows turned into the feed lot, Mother and I started down the path toward the lamplighted kitchen. There, the warm, frothy milk would be strained into tin pans; I would fill a brimming dish for the waiting kittens, and would ladle out a warm cupful for myself.

As we sat around the kitchen table eating supper that night, I would tell Father and Mother about the billy owl and the curlew, and the meadow lark's nest, and all the other small adventures.

And still later, as Mother heard my prayers, I would ask Heavenly Father's usual blessing on our home and on our aunts and uncles and cousins . . . and then I would add another prayer, under my breath, so that none but he and I would know.

"Please, Heavenly Father," I would whisper, "don't ever let Jack be so smart he can fetch the cows in by himself, alone!"



Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE C. WILLIAMS

Red Currants Are Ripe!

Helen S. Williams

DURING those cold gray days of winter, did you ever have a nostalgic longing for the warmth and color of summer? And did you sort of daydream about giving a party when the weather was pleasant and you could do your table differently from anything you had ever done before?

Well, Florence C. Williams did, and it was at currant ripening time. The very time of the year when she preserves dozens of glasses of currant jelly for her family and friends. She decided that this would be the right time to entertain a group of old friends who had been meeting weekly for thirty-six years. The bright red currants gave her the idea, and she decided to surprise her guests with a gay, bright, new idea of red currants as the motif for her table.

For her centerpiece, she would pile the currants high in a tiered red Venetian glass epergne, letting large clusters of the currants drape over the sides. She might have to fasten the bunches together with fine wire, but that could be done easily and artistically. The red currants falling over the sides of the epergne would give grace, beauty, and color. What could be more novel?

The picture above almost gives an illusion that the fruit used is cherries, and, of course, cherries, apricots, grapes, or any rather small fruit in season could be used with equal effect of charm and color scheme.

Florence decided that the centerpiece needed some other touch to carry out her unique idea, and to make her table a complete unit. Because there is a magic something called generosity which is inherent to her nature, Florence feels that no party at her home is a success unless each guest carries home with her a memento or little gift. These thoughtful remembrances endear her to her friends. The gift is more than a tangible favor, for it bears with it the warmth of hospitality and friendship which has given her the reputation of being a lovely hostess and sweet friend.

For this particular party she would make individual glasses of currant jelly. But, first, she would paint tiny red dots on the glasses, then fill them with jelly and cover the top with paraffin wax. She would then place in the wax before it had hardened, a small frilly lace doily on which the guests' names had been written in red. She would tie a bunch of red currants to each glass with a bright red ribbon and tiny bow.

The red currants in the matching glass epergne, the gay polka-dot glasses filled with perfectly prepared jelly as place cards, and bowls of currant jelly placed here and there on the dainty white organdy tablecloth, would make a seasonal and delightful table—and she had never used the idea before.

She decided to serve old-fashioned popovers, fried chicken, a tossed garden-fresh salad, and a frozen dessert.

Yes, summer is nearly here, and with it come fruits and flowers to be arranged differently and originally. The most beautiful tables are the ones that can be done inexpensively but with much ingenuity and thought. Choose a color scheme and watch for fruit that is in season, which will lend itself for decoration. Then prepare your jam or jelly, decorate individual glasses with the fruit, doilies, and names; arrange a centerpiece in proportion to your table, and, of course, always have your linen spotless, your silver, glassware, and dishes gleaming, and you will have a beautiful table.

Your friends will warm to the different ideas, and, when they sample their glasses of jelly, they will recall, as do Florence's friends, the joy and fun of being in someone's home who cared enough to go to the extra work to make their visit so unusual and different.

Currants are ripe—it is time to prepare them, to use them for decoration, time to welcome summer and friends with a different kind of party, just as Florence is going to do.

Night Moves

Cherry McKay

Along the accent of day-shore
Acute tides come, and wind before
Crisp breaking waves in a seething pour.

Day is a sharp cloud,
Willows bowed,
The rock hard-glinted,
The voice aloud.

After daytime's cold forbiddance,
Sharpened sight, and brief song pittance,

Night moves radiantly round.
Her sky is near; her only sound
A song, unbound.

Cicelia Nelson Found a New Hobby at the Age of Eighty

CICELIA Nelson of Smithfield, Utah, is now ninety-seven years old. Seventeen years ago she started the hobby of making quilts. She has made more than thirty beautiful quilts for members of her family. One of these received first prize at the county fair. Her quilting stitches are fine and even, and her designs and color harmonies reveal the craftsmanship of a true artist who does her part to make the world more beautiful and to make her family happy.

Cicelia, who was born in Denmark, came to Utah at the age of five and has lived eighty-five years in Smithfield. She hopes to live at least three more years, so that she can reach the century mark. For many years she was a practical nurse, taking little or no pay for her devoted service. In young womanhood she became an expert seamstress and made many aprons, pillow tops, dresses, and blouses, as well as much embroidery and crochet work. She is still an excellent cook, and, although she lives with a daughter, she likes to make cakes and cookies to serve as a treat for the many friends who call to visit with her. Mrs. Nelson is the mother of five children, and she has sixty-six other descendants. She has been a widow for nineteen years, but her cheerfulness and courage have uplifted her own heart and have contributed to the happiness of generations of people in the Smithfield community.

April's Pennies

Arlene D. Cloward

APRIL sat up quickly at the tread of Papa's heavy boot upon the loft ladder. Her eyes swept over her three little brothers sleeping peacefully on their blankets, nestled deep in the fragrant hay. The one thing, and the only thing that was pleasant about the night Mama gave birth to a baby was the fact that they could sleep in the loft in the barn. Joey, Tim, and two-year-old Georgie had had great fun playing in the hay the night before; it had been she who had sat by the tiny loft window and prayed. Mama never had an easy time at best, she knew from the way Aunt Ella talked the next day.

Papa's tired face and tousled black hair came up first over the edge, followed by his long arms and legs. His gray eyes were weary, but he smiled.

"Mama?" she asked tensely, gripping the corner of her blanket.

Papa grinned. "Mama is fine, and you now have a wonderful little baby . . . ."

April caught her breath ". . . sister!" She flew into Papa's arms and squealed delightedly, "Oh, Papa, I never dreamed it would really be a girl! Oh, I love boys, of course," she added loyally, glancing with affection at her brothers, "but a sister!"

Papa ruffled her golden red curls. "Wake up the boys and tell them. Wash them well at the pump, and then I reckon you can go on in and see your new sister . . . Mama, too, of course."

April did his bidding excitedly, and the small family trouped in quietly. Mama smiled at them from her high bed, her auburn hair looking brighter than usual against her pale face and the white pillow.

April hugged her and kissed the smooth cheek before she turned to look at the tiny little bundle Aunt Ella was holding up for her. She peeked down at the little round face, and her heart seemed to pound against her ribs. Very, very gently she touched the soft, fuzzy cheek and the little doubled fist. She giggled happily as she saw the downy black hair.

"Oh, Mama, we finally got a baby with Papa's hair."

Mama smiled, too, looking at the crop of red, brown, and yellow heads surrounding her and up at the beaming, dark father.

Later, April ran up the narrow stairs to her tiny room tucked beneath the eaves and took out her little glass jar that was almost full of pennies. Yes, the Fast Sunday when the new little baby would be blessed and Timmy would be confirmed a member of the Church, she would wear a pretty new dress, the first really new dress of her ten years; all her others had been made-over ones. She looked at the shiny pennies she had saved so diligently from tending Mrs. Kinley's children — at last there were enough for her new dress. What could be so wonderful as to have a sweet sister and a pretty dress? She closed her eyes and pictured the frilly yel-

low dress with the full skirt in Tomkin's show window. Tomorrow, it would be hers.

That evening the family sat around the table after the dishes were cleared away, and Mama looked on from the bed, smiling in deep contentment. Joey grinned, showing plainly the big gap where his two front teeth were missing.

"What are we going to name little sister?"

Papa's eyes crinkled at the corners. "What would you like, Joey?"

"Daisy."

"Daisy!" April exclaimed, "why?"

JOEY looked a little abashed, and Tim crowed, "'Cause that's his cow's name." He began to giggle, but Papa stopped him with a stern glance.

"Daisy is Joey's choice. What do you like, April?"

"I think we should name her Katy after Mama."

The boys all agreed eagerly, especially Joey, and Mama kissed each of them with starry eyes. So it was decided.

April gazed at the tiny round face pillowed against Mama's breast and sighed, "She'll look so sweet in the new dress we're going to get for her to be blessed in."

Papa laid his book down slowly. "I'm afraid we can't get the gown after all, honey, what with the doctor bills and all."

Tim looked up and his eyes were bright. "No new suit for me either, Pa?"

"I'm afraid not, son," Papa said softly, covering Tim's chubby hand with his large one.

Tim gulped to keep back the tears, for it wasn't every day that a boy was confirmed a member of the Church.

April thought of the suit that Tim would have to wear, the sleeves coming up above his wrists and the trousers much too short. She glanced at his face and felt tears coming close at the look of misery in his eyes, but she saw the brave smile that he flashed.

"Oh, that's all right, Pa. It doesn't matter."

But it did, very much, and April knew it.

The following day April took her bottle of pennies and tucked it carefully in her big purse. Today was the day that she could buy the pretty dress. Papa helped her up beside him on the wagon seat and clucked to the horses. He grinned down at her.

"Well, honey, today is the day you've been planning on for so long. You'll look real nice in a new dress."

April smiled, but she wasn't as happy as she had anticipated. Papa left her at Tomkin's store. "I'll be back in about a half hour. Just take your time and look around."

April waved after his broad back and stepped up before the big window. There was the dress! It looked even more beautiful than ever, and her heart pounded happily. It would really be hers. She hurried inside and started toward a clerk. Then she turned. It was only once in a small girl's lifetime that she saved so much money, and she might as well spend a little time carrying it around before she gave it all away.

She walked through the aisles and felt very wealthy as she saw the different pretty things that she could

buy. There were silk scarves and bottles of perfume and jewelry and. . . . She stopped, for there, spread out before her, was a beautiful, sheer white baby dress with a wide row of lace and a satin pink bow on the lace yoke. She caught her breath as she read the price. Why she could even buy that and have money left over. But she hurried away quickly, for she didn't have money for that and her dress, too.

April decided that she didn't want to look around after all, and she started back to the clerk, when her eyes caught sight of a neat blue suit. She walked closer. It was just Tim's size. She closed her eyes tightly and ran to the smiling clerk's side.

"I . . . I want the dress—the yellow one in the window," she said breathlessly.

THE clerk smiled. "It is pretty, isn't it? It's just the type for you."

She chattered on, but April didn't hear her because she kept thinking of Tim's brave little face and his suit that looked like it was Joey's—and the sweet tiny baby pressed against Mama that would be wearing the slightly yellowed dress that was so worn.

"No, wait a minute. I've changed my mind. I'd like that pretty baby dress . . . and the blue suit, if I have enough money." She said it quickly, for once said, it could not be undone.

The clerk smiled. "Are you sure?"

April held up her head very straight, and her eyes sparkled as she pictured her brother and sister in their new clothes. "Yes, very sure!"

She had enough money, with a penny left over, and she held the big package tightly as she picked out a penny's worth of peppermints for Mama. Then, very slowly she took out the jar of pennies. Her heart pounded as she handed it to the clerk, and with each penny that she counted her dress was more and more impossible, until, at last the pennies were out of sight in the cash drawer.

She closed her eyes tightly as she walked past the shop window and ran across to Papa quickly.

"Did you get it?" he grinned as she flounced up beside him.

She nodded.

"Good," said Papa. "You certainly look happier than you did when we came."

April was a little amazed—but she was happier!

When they arrived home Mama called to April, as she ran through the room. "April, dear, may I see this lovely dress you've talked so much about?"

"Can I wait until Fast Sunday, Mama?"

"Of course, dear, if you'd rather."

April smiled and handed her the bag of peppermints. Mama's eyes twinkled as she thanked her.

April dashed up the stairs and laid the package carefully on the bed and tore open the wrappings. She had fully expected to cry, but as she touched the rippling folds of the dress and held out the suit, she smiled instead. Putting them on hangers, she placed them in the closet beside her freshly-ironed, old,

best dress, the dress that would go to Church once again.

EARLY Fast Sunday morning, the eventful day, April awoke to the sunlight streaming in across the room and the delightful twitter of birds outside. She slipped quickly out of bed and dressed in her blue dress. Trembling with eagerness, she took the suit and the baby dress and ran down the stairs.

Papa and Mama looked up expectantly, and astonishment flashed across their faces.

"Why, darling! Where is your new dress?"

April handed them the clothes, and they looked down at her with pride, love, and understanding shining in their eyes.

Sitting on the bench in the chapel April looked happily at her proud parents holding Katy in her flowing white dress, with its perky bow. Her three brothers were scrubbed and shiny-faced, and Tim fairly beamed with happiness. Her own blue dress looked nice, and she would have been surprised at the many admiring glances turned her way—the smiles of approval. Her dress may have been seen before, but most of them had never seen a face so childishly peaceful.

The speaker, his face calm and earnest, gazed down at the humble congregation. His sermon was interesting and stirring, but to April his last lines were the most important.

"Each day you give up something—something precious—you're coming nearer to Jesus, our Savior, nearer to his example . . . to him who gave the greatest sacrifice of all!"

April listened as though he were talking to her alone. She had made a sacrifice—however small. It had been hard, but oh, how glad she was now! What could be a better way to be near Jesus than to make a small sacrifice? Tenderly she touched the blue pleats of her old dress.

Summer Foothills

Vesta N. Lukei

The sun-fire bakes the hills to a golden crust
Rich loaves of ripened grain,
And sears the surface soil
Brick red or rust.
The long heat roasts
The earth's deep ground
And it becomes well-browned,
Done overmuch.
The hillocks toast,
The wild weeds, the shallow-rooted, broil.
Haycocks slowly burn
To a gentle amber turn;
Tree leaves cook crisp, and poison oak,
Like creeping flame,
Climbs the foothill slopes,
And even pebbles sizzle to the touch.

Green Willows

Chapter 6 (*Conclusion*)

Deone R. Sutherland

I wrote Pat almost every day while she had the mumps, but her mother said she wasn't very cheerful. I tried to tell her how surprised everybody in town was about Karen's engagement, and how really surprised everyone was when, just a few days later, Dr. Turner bought an engagement ring for Margaret. They might have a double reception after being married in the temple, people said, but Dr. Turner didn't want to wait until spring to marry Pat's Aunt Margaret. He thought they should be married at Christmas time. That would give the school board plenty of time to find another teacher for the last half year unless Margaret really insisted on finishing the year. Then the next summer they were going to take a real honeymoon to Europe. They were going to take Phil, too. Phil was crazy about Margaret. Everybody was, including me.

I wrote Pat how dumb people were to be surprised. We knew all about it long ago. Or we thought we knew some things anyway.

Pat had to stay in the house over two weeks. One side went down, and then she came down, or rather swelled up on the other side. "She's missing half the summer," I complained to Mother.

It was almost three weeks before we were able to get out on our bikes again and sell Kold-ayde. The July heat was really going to be terrible for us to ride in, we decided; but it was awfully good for selling our product. We encouraged parents to buy Kold-ayde in order to make their own popsicles for the children at home. We did very well for a change.

One package makes a terrific number of popsicles everyone had to agree. It was very late in the afternoon when we approached the hill that led to the Diffendorf home.

"We really don't have to go up there today," I told Pat. "We've made quite a profit already. We've only a few packages of raspberry left in the basket."

"I know," Pat said, "but it might be that they'd want some drinks. I'd like to stop in anyway." I looked at her in disbelief about their wanting any, but we got off our bikes and pushed them up the hill.

"Anyway, the road's stopped shimmering," I said. "If we don't hurry, we're going to be late getting home to dinner."

"We'll only stop a minute," Pat said. "Dr. Turner brought Aunt Margaret to see me last night, so Mama says I've seen them enough this week. We'll hurry."

"Somebody's car is parked in front," I said to Pat.

We climbed the hill slowly with our eyes on the car. We were almost to it before we recognized it to be Jens Oleson's, the postmast-

er's car. We stopped to rest and looked at the car and then at each other.

"Another telegram?" Pat suggested.

"Maybe," I said, "but the post office must be closed by now."

Margaret was digging in the garden in front of the house. "Well, Pat and Lillian, hello." She stood up, brushing the dirt from her gloves and shaking her hair back a little. She wore a dark skirt and a thin yellow blouse. "Are you selling on this hot day? How's business?"

"So good," I said, "that we really don't have to sell you anything today unless you really want it."

"Oh," laughed Margaret, "I think Agnes will probably need at least one package. I'll get my purse in just a moment."

She sat back on her heels and looked at the garden where she'd been digging. She laid her gloves on the grass, and I saw the diamond Dr. Turner had given her sparkle in the sun. It looked very bright and light against her brown, thin hand. Pat and I lay down on the grass beside her.

"Did Mr. Oleson bring a telegram?" Pat asked.

"No," said Margaret. "At least I don't think so. He's around in the kitchen talking to Agnes. She's making cream puffs."

We hadn't realized how hungry we were.

MARGARET stood up, stretching. "She must be finished with them by now. Let's walk around, and you can have one to eat on the way home." She looked over the few remaining packages in our basket. "I suppose I'll have to take raspberry, but it isn't my favorite."

We walked around the house. "I'll run right up and get my purse," Margaret said. "You girls go on into the kitchen for a cream puff."

Jens Oleson was standing in the kitchen doorway. We hesitated in the hall. Pat's Aunt Agnes' voice was saying, "I appreciate your thoughtfulness, Jens, but I assure you with my whole heart that I'm quite content with my life the way it is and never have the slightest intention of changing it . . . ."

"Yah, I know, Agnes," Jens said. "You were determined even as a little girl. I had no business to bother you, but I thought maybe you'd mellowed with the years. I won't mention this again ever, so there'll be no strain on you." Jens backed through the kitchen doorway.

"Oh, there'll be no strain," Agnes said. "My word, I have to go on using the post office the rest of my life, I imagine. Here, take a cream puff with you. You've been eyeing them hungrily ever since you came in."

"Thanks, Agnes — Miss Diffendorf. You're a wonderful cook and no mistake. Yes, I'll take one more for my supper. Goodbye for now." He turned to go into the hall and saw us. "Ah, the girls are here, is it? I'll just go out the back door; no sense going through the whole house."

He opened the back door with his elbow, holding the cream puffs warily.

We went into the kitchen. Aunt Agnes greeted us absent-mindedly. "Take two," she said, nodding at

the cream puffs. But we could only manage one on a bike, we explained.

Margaret came into the room with her purse.

"Margaret," Agnes asked, "are you buying the juice powder today?"

"We only need one package," Margaret said. "Business has been very good for them all day. It's the hot weather, I expect."

"That's what we tell the people," Pat said.

Margaret searched in her coin purse for a nickel.

"I'm sorry we've nothing left but raspberry," I said.

"Oh, that's all right," Agnes said.

"Did Jens go?" Margaret asked. "Is something wrong at the post office?"

Agnes looked at Margaret and snorted. "You and Karen getting engaged has turned the town upside down, I guess. Or at least it gave our postmaster ideas."

Margaret looked at Agnes; then she said slowly, "Well, why not? Jens is a fine man. A little old . . . ."

AGNES stood up, "That's enough, Margaret. I don't intend to quit teaching, and I don't intend to take in a boarder. I expect it will be all over town, unless these girls can hold their tongues."

"Yes, we can," Pat said.

I nodded my head.

"Jens is a good man, Margaret's right, and there's no need to hurt him. It's just the rumors going around, I expect, that made him lose his head for a minute. I'm happy the way things are. Margaret will be just across the street. Karen will be up near the university in Orchard City. My cousin Harriet, who was widowed only a year ago, would be happy to move in should I ever feel the slightest tinge of loneliness. I love teaching. My life is already patterned. Some people are meant for some things, and some for others. It's a wise person who knows when he's well off."

"Why, look how settled we were before . . . ." Margaret began.

"Settled," said Agnes, "but not really happy. Karen was too busy at the university and too young to know, but you had already begun to be an unhappy person. Look at the way you dashed around to keep busy every summer before this one. Those two years following Gwennie's death bothered you terribly when you thought people might think you were thinking of Mark again . . . . It wasn't happy for me to see, Margaret."

"You're right, of course, Agnes . . . ."

Agnes interrupted Margaret again, "But me, Margaret, I've always been happy the way I am. I'm not restless, and I'm not looking for anything. I'm content. I like reading papers, and looking at the children in the fall, feeling I'm about to discover them all over again for a wonderful year. My mistake was that I tried to impress that contentment onto you two girls. I wanted you to know what I'd found. But all of us are different. Some want more than others."

Margaret said slowly, "But, Agnes, those years were hard ones after Mother died. She'd spent almost everything Father had left. You took over and sacrificed for all of us . . . ."

"Sacrificed!" Agnes exclaimed. "I loved it. I loved teaching and being able to help my family. I never did anything with the thought that any of you should someday feel that you should sacrifice any happiness in your own lives in order to repay me in any way . . ."

"I know that," Margaret said, "but all the same . . . ."

"I've enacted the role of kin—of a sister, and that is all," Agnes said shortly. "Let's drop it there. How could any of us be happier with what we have? Margaret, take this tray of cream puffs and put them in the icebox, will you?" Margaret held out her hand. Agnes held the tray for a moment, looking intently at the pastry. "That was funny about Jens, though, wasn't it?" she murmured.

We hurried down the hill on our bikes. We went so fast that the wind tugged our hair and our feet couldn't keep up with the pedals. We held our feet straight out at our sides. Tonight we were really going to be late to dinner.

"We'll catch it," we yelled at each other.

Green Willows whirled by on each side as we cascaded down on our bikes. Suppose all our days when we are young here, go by that fast, I thought. My heart almost stopped with fear that they might. I wanted to yell the words out to Pat, but I couldn't find the right ones. I looked at her quickly and saw that her smooth brown face looked as young as mine must be. These days will never end, I thought. They'll go on forever, or at least such a long time that I don't have to worry about it now. Besides, all of a sudden we were only a few blocks from home, and we had to quit coasting and start pedaling. We stood up on our bikes to pedal because that was faster. We could smell dinners cooking in the houses. All of Green Willows was getting ready for dinner. I could hardly wait to get home.

Today We Picked the Currant Crop

Zara Sabin

Today, we picked the currant crop—
Two small brown hands out-cupped, held all
The ruby-ripened loveliness
Most carefully, lest one should drop.

My mind raced back . . . when *I* was small,
Grandmother, in a gingham dress,
Had help from me. My unruly mop
Of sun-browned curls was scarce as tall

As the currant bush. It was not duress
That kept me there. I was "her prop,"
"Her good right hand," she said, "her all."
My heart beat high with happiness

And childish pride. Time does not stop.
Too soon our year is at the fall;
Our days are few to serve and bless—
Today we picked the currant crop!

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER STAKE (COLORADO) PRESENTS WORD PICTURE OF THE CONSTITUTION "THIS IS FREEDOM," March 15, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Marlyn Hess, representing a housewife; Charlotte Clifford, an American citizen of today; Helen Henry, a citizen of tomorrow; Blanche Pusey, stake social science class leader, who gave the prologue and directed the program; Dorothy Villalobos, representing the armed forces; Elva Wright, representing the Relief Society.

Standing, at the right, left to right: Josephine H. Madison, as the Constitution personified; Louine Cromar, President, Denver First Ward Relief Society, as a citizen of the past.

Second row, standing, left to right: Marjorie Whitman, organist; Reta R. Beck, stake chorister, who directed the music.

Third row, standing, at the right: Della H. Teeter, President, Denver Stake Relief Society.

Fourth row, standing at the right, right to left: Mollie Richardson, First Counselor, Denver Stake Relief Society; Thelma Robinson, Second Counselor, Denver Stake Relief Society, who introduced the program.

All the wards in Denver Stake participated in this program which was based on the word picture "This Is Freedom," by Alberta H. Christensen, a member of the general board of Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Naomi L. Brimhall

RICHLAND STAKE (WASHINGTON) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 27, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Iris Smith, pianist; Helen Madsen, stake Relief Society organist; Anita McCartney, stake Relief Society chorister; Audra Ord; Naomi Brimhall, President, Richland Stake Relief Society; Lela Lott, President, Walla Walla Ward Relief Society; Helen Allen, President Sunnyside Ward Relief Society; Ethel Anderson, President, Richland Third Ward Relief Society; Florence Sylvester, President, Richland Second Ward Relief Society; Florence Jensen, President, Richland First Ward Relief Society.

Also in the group are several former presidents of ward Relief Societies.

Sister Brimhall reports that "Richland Stake Singing Mothers were honored to furnish the music for the morning and afternoon sessions of stake quarterly conference, which was attended by Elder Walter Dansie of the General Church Welfare Committee."

Photograph submitted by Martha C. Eagar

JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ACHIEVES A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD IN VISITING TEACHING FOR FOUR YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Louise Vickers; Mary G. Jensen, Second Counselor, Juab Stake Relief Society; Della P. Belliston, Secretary, Nephi Second Ward Relief

Society; Verna Wright, former First Counselor, Nephi Second Ward Relief Society; Delta Yates, Second Counselor, Nephi Second Ward Relief Society; Martha C. Eagar, President, Juab Stake Relief Society; Edna J. Cazier, theology class leader, Juab Stake Relief Society; Leta Bryan; Ellen Greenhalgh.

Second row, standing, left to right: Eva Powell; Florence H. Lunt; Arvilla Warren; Olive Broadhead; Mary Belliston; Emma Lunt; Delia Stanley; Louise Leavitt; Zelma Golden; Lizzie Black; Etta Latimer; LaRae Kendall; Hazel Bosh; Mildred Brown, First Counselor, Nephi Second Ward Relief Society; Ida Memmott; Mildred Greenhalgh; Pearl Belliston; Thora Pace; Ethel S. Irons; Lua Stephenson; Ida Belliston.

Photograph submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist

SWEDISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY DISTRICT CONFERENCE

Stockholm, April 10, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Marianne Ternstrom, President, Stockholm Branch Relief Society; Edith Nilsson, Stockholm District leader; Ethel E. Blomquist, President, Swedish Mission Relief Society; Svea Kinderstam, visiting teacher; Ulla Balck, President of the newly organized Stockholm Second Branch Relief Society.

Sister Blomquist reports the enjoyable occasion of this conference which was held on Easter Sunday: "Members of the Norwegian Choir and their families were honored guests during our conference, singing at our meetings and rendering a beautiful concert during their stay. A number of our Norwegian Relief Society members are in the picture. We were sorry that Sister Gunderson, Second Counselor in the Oslo Branch Relief Society, who gave such a lovely talk, somehow was out of the line of focus for the picture and so cannot be seen with the group."

Photograph submitted by Vera R. Cantwell

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), NEWTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY DINNER, March 15, 1955

Vera R. Cantwell, President, Smithfield Stake Relief Society, reports that all the women in the Newton Ward received an invitation to this dinner, celebrating the 113th anniversary of the organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842.

A Tribute to the Singing Mothers

Ida L. Belnap

"... yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads" (D. & C. 25:12).

Oh, Singing Mothers in Zion, a part of Israel's great throng,
Wondrously sweet, harmonious, and clear, your voices carry on,
The deep rich melodies we love, and messages of worth,
To gladden, cheer, and brighten all this saddened earth.

Yours is a worthy purpose, yours is a gift that is rare,
That awakens in the human heart, a feeling akin to prayer.
The music sweet revives the soul, new faith to us is given
While reverently and joyously, we taste the peace of heaven.

Sometimes you tell of David, sweet singer of olden times,
And then again your voices blend in modern mystic rhymes;
You take us to the utmost heights where holy temples rise,
It seems we almost feel the warmth from the Master's eyes.

Oh, mothers old and mothers young, we love you for what you are,
Your courage, faith, and dignity in lands both near and far.
The music of your song shall live in worlds that are to be,
For you not only sing for time, but for eternity.

Then sing, oh, Singing Mothers, sing an echo to your song
As on the vast, ethereal waves, your voices float along.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 33—Review—The Book of Mormon

Book of Ether and 1 Nephi through the Book of Alma

Elder Leland H. Monson

For Tuesday, October 4, 1955

Objective: To renew our understanding of the lives and teachings of The Book of Mormon prophets.

The Book of Ether

LOOKING back upon the history of the Jaredites and Nephites (so far as we have studied their history) as it is reflected in the lives of their great leaders, we recall a few who have marked milestones of progress in the history of that civilization.

The Book of Ether, "The record of the Jaredites, taken from the twenty-four plates found by the people of Limhi in the days of king Mosiah," gives an account of Jared, the brother of Jared (by name Mahonri Moriancumer, as stated by the Prophet Joseph Smith), their families, and a few friends who came from the Tower of Babel at the time of the confusion of tongues.

Mahonri Moriancumer, The Brother of Jared

Mahonri Moriancumer, known only as the brother of Jared in the Book of Ether, became the first great Jaredite leader. He was ". . . a large and mighty man, and a man highly favored of the Lord . . ." (Ether 1:34). The Jaredites through Moriancumer were directed by the Lord to cross the sea to the "land of promise." Great faith in the Lord was shown by their leader when he asked the Lord to touch the "molten" stones that they might give forth light. (See Ether 3:1-6.)

The Lord heard the prayer and ". . . stretched forth his hand and touched the stones one by one with his finger . . ." (Ether 3:6). After the Lord had prepared the stones to give forth light, the brother of Jared placed one in the end of each barge, and they gave light to the vessels.

So great was the faith of the brother of Jared, that he beheld the finger of the Lord. Struck with fear he fell to the ground. The Lord said to him:

> . . . Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood; and never has man come before me with such exceeding faith as thou hast; for were it not so ye could not have seen my finger.

Sawest thou more than this? (Ether 3:9).

Then it was that the brother of Jared, in great faith, asked the Lord to show himself unto him. As the Savior showed himself to Mahonri Moriancumer, great truths were established. The brother of Jared was shown that the Lord lived as a personage in the spirit world before his advent into mortality. It proved to him that man is created in the image of God and that he, Jesus Christ, would come in the flesh to redeem his people (Ether 3:13-16). We also learn from the study of the life of the brother of Jared that faith brings an answer to prayer.

The Jaredite people became a great and prosperous nation as long as they were governed by a righteous leader and heeded the word of the Lord. But during the reign of unrighteous kings, the people became wicked. Idolatry became common. The "secret combinations" of old were introduced and many were slain by those desiring power and wealth.

Ether

Near the end of the Jaredite civilization, Ether, one of the greatest prophets to the Jaredites, came forth in the days of the last king Coriantumr. Ether began to prophesy and warn the people of impending destruction, if they did not repent (Ether 12:1-5). For safety, Ether ". . . hid himself in the cavity of a rock by day, and by night he went forth viewing the things which should come upon the people" (Ether 13:13). The two leaders Coriantumr and Shiz fought the final battle of swords. As Ether watched from a cavity in the rock, Shiz was slain. Thus the prophecy of Ether to Coriantumr, that Coriantumr would be the last of his people to live, was literally fulfilled. (Ether 13:20-21. See also Omni 20.22.)

The Book of Mormon

Lehi

When we think of The Book of Mormon it is the more detailed history of the followers of Lehi whom we especially recall. Lehi, divinely directed, led his little colony composed of his wife Sariah and his sons and daughters, Ishmael and his family, and Zoram, from Jerusalem across the mighty waters to the promised land. There, as a patriarch and father, before his death he called them together and blessed and instructed them.

For, behold, I have seen a vision, in which I know that Jerusalem is destroyed; and had we remained in Jerusalem we should also have perished.

But, said he, notwithstanding our afflictions, we have obtained a land of promise, a land which is choice above all other lands; a land which the Lord God hath covenanted with me should be a land for the inheritance of my seed. Yea, the Lord hath covenanted this land unto me, and to my children forever, and also all those who should be led out of other countries by the hand of the Lord.

Wherefore, I, Lehi, prophesy according to the workings of the Spirit which is in me, that there shall none come into this land save they shall be brought by the hand of the Lord.

Wherefore, this land is consecrated unto him whom he shall bring. And if it so be that they shall serve him according to the commandments which he hath given, it shall be a land of liberty unto them; wherefore, they shall never be brought down into captivity; if so, it shall be because of iniquity; for if iniquity shall abound cursed shall be the land for their

sakes, but unto the righteous it shall be blessed forever (2 Nephi 1:4-7).

Disappointed and wearied over the wicked activities of Laman and Lemuel, and pleased with the willing obedience with which Nephi had responded to the good and the beautiful, Lehi passed to the great beyond.

Nephi

Nephi, under the immediate leadership of his patriarch father, had early learned to listen to the teachings of the still small voice. Showing obedience, faith, and courage, he had led his older brothers from the Red Sea back to Jerusalem for the Brass Plates, which he knew contained a genealogy of his forefathers. After two vain attempts, he had been successful in securing these records from Zoram, the servant of Laban. Only then was he willing to return to his father. We remember Nephi's inspirational statement.

. . . I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (1 Nephi 3:7).

Subsequently, with these same brothers, he returned to Jerusalem to induce Ishmael and his family to join them in their migration to the land of promise, in order that they might intermarry. As a leader among his brothers, Nephi, resourceful and energetic, helped the family to overcome great difficulties—the problem of securing food in the desert after their bows were broken, and the problem of building a ship to take them to the land of promise. After the death of his father in the promised land, Nephi found it necessary to separate from his disobedient and wayward brothers. In this new location, named the land of Nephi, he built an advanced civilization at a time when his brothers became a dark and loathsome people leading a nomadic life. Nephi built a temple and provided for the spiritual welfare of his people, which, of course, contributed more to their happiness and eternal life than the great material benefits which he showed them how to obtain. Before his death he made two sets of records, the Small Plates of Nephi, to be used for the religious history of his people, and the Large Plates of Nephi, to be used for the secular history of his people. He also instructed his people to keep future records of God's dealings with them.

Jacob and Joseph

Nephi's two younger brothers, Jacob and Joseph, born in the wilderness as the colony journeyed to the land of promise, became priests and teachers unto the people. Jacob stressed the need of spirituality and pointed to the value of material wealth as a means to the development of men and women, and not as an end in itself. Jacob instructed:

But before ye seek for riches, seek ye for the kingdom of God. And after ye have obtained a hope in Christ ye shall obtain riches, if ye seek them; and ye will seek them for the intent to do good—to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and administer relief to the sick and the afflicted (Jacob 2:18-19).

The immediate successors to Jacob and Joseph taught the people that sin erodes happiness and peace from life, that the happy nation is the God-fearing nation.

In the meantime the Nephites in the land of Nephi, under the leadership of King Mosiah, father of King Benjamin, fled northward to escape from Lamanite domination. They discovered the Mulekites in the land of Zarahemla. These Mulekites had left Jerusalem a few years after Lehi and his colony had departed, and had come to the land of promise and settled north of the land of Nephi. They were a numerous people and had built up a civilization with Zarahemla as its central city (Book of Omni 15-23).

The Nephites joined with the Mulekites in building a civilization there, which was henceforth known as a Nephite civilization. King Mosiah, father of King Benjamin, was made king over the inhabitants of Zarahemla (Omni 19).

Benjamin

After Mosiah's death his son Benjamin became king over the united nations. ". . . King Benjamin was a holy man, and he did reign over his people in righteousness . . . (Words of Mormon 17). During Benjamin's reign there was ". . . a serious war and much bloodshed between the Nephites and the Lamanites . . ." (Omni 24), [the Lamanites were living in the land of Nephi (Words of Mormon 13-14)] ". . . But behold, the Nephites did obtain much advantage over them; yea, insomuch that king Benjamin did drive them out of the land of Zarahemla" (Omni 24). During the remainder of his days he had peace. Before his death he called his people together before the temple and announced to them that his son, Mosiah, should be their king and instructed them concerning the gospel (Mosiah 2:9). Among other things, he told them that he had labored with his own hands in order to avoid burdening them with taxes, and informed them that he wanted them to understand that ". . . when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17). So it was that he urged them to serve one another. He also prophesied concerning the future appearance of Christ (Mosiah 3:5-12). He also taught them how to activate the gospel principles in their own lives, how to make their religion life-service rather than lip-service.

> And also, ye yourselves will succor those that stand in need of your succor; ye will administer of your substance unto him that standeth in need; and ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish.
>
> Perhaps thou shalt say: The man has brought upon himself his misery; therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance that he may not suffer, for his punishments are just—
>
> But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent; and except he repenteth of that which he hath done he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God (Mosiah 4:16-18).

Benjamin concluded his address by admonishing the people to watch their thoughts, their words, and their actions, and to exercise faith in the future coming of Christ (Mosiah 4:30). He took the names

of all people who had entered into a covenant with God to keep his commandments and take upon them the name of Christ.

During his address, Benjamin named his son Mosiah to become their king. It was, perhaps, during Benjamin's reign that some of the Nephites in Zarahemla became restless and were ". . . desirous to possess the land of their inheritance," the land of Nephi, then controlled by the Lamanites (Omni 21-30). After one unsuccessful attempt, Zeniff led a group southward to the land of Nephi. This little colony made peace with the Lamanites in the land of Nephi but were ultimately taken into captivity by them (Mosiah 9:1-6).

Mosiah

Later, King Mosiah, son of King Benjamin, sent sixteen men under the leadership of Ammon back to the land of Nephi to locate Zeniff and his colony, who previously had gone there (Mosiah 7:2-6). They found the descendants of Zeniff and his followers in captivity because of wickedness. Previously, Alma the Elder had withdrawn with some righteous followers to the waters of Mormon. Alma had become converted through the teachings of Abinadi. (See Mosiah, chapter 17.) Alma's followers and the descendants of Zeniff returned safely to Zarahemla. (See Mosiah, chapters 22 and 24.) King Mosiah gave Alma authority over the Church.

Before his death, the great King Mosiah established a democratic form of government among his people when his four sons refused to be king. (See Mosiah, chapter 29.) In the Western Hemisphere, then, people were granted religious liberty at a time when monarchies held sway over the eastern world.

Alma the Younger

Alma, the Younger, son of Alma, was the first chief judge and high priest in this democracy, however recognizing the vital importance of sound religious practices, he resigned the judgeship so that he could devote his time to the ministry, and preach repentance among the people. Alma, the Younger, in his early life had been associated with the four sons of Mosiah in trying to destroy the work of God which Alma, the Elder, and King Mosiah had so zealously endeavored to build. After a miraculous conversion, however, Alma the Younger became one of the greatest missionaries in the thousand year period of Nephite history. He became a great doctrinal preacher and reformer. He started a reform movement in Zarahemla, trying to divest his people of their envy and pride by preaching the doctrine that Christ should come and redeem mankind. He taught them that Christ should be born of a virgin who should "conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost" and that Christ should redeem mankind from their sins, provided they would repent and come unto him. The reform movement, started in Zarahemla, spread to Melek, and Ammonihah. Alma was assisted in part of this missionary work by Amulek, who also was able to exercise the Priesthood with much power.

Later, Alma and seven men, including his sons, carried on missionary activities among the Zoramites, whom they encouraged to follow

the true spirit of prayer, teaching of Christ and his power to redeem mankind. Soon after his return, Alma reproved his youngest son Corianton for his wayward conduct among the Zoramites, and commended his son Shiblon for his patience in adversity and instructed him to bridle all his passions, to work industriously, to be temperate in all things, and to set his life right so that God could answer his prayers.

Helaman

Alma gave to his faithful son Helaman the sacred records and other sacred objects and impressed him with the magnitude of his responsibility as custodian of these sacred things. He taught Helaman to develop in the people an everlasting hatred against sin and iniquity, and to preach repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He instructed Helaman concerning his own welfare. He informed him that it would be wise to ". . . learn wisdom in thy youth . . ." (Alma 37:35) and to counsel with God. It was Helaman, serving under Moroni, who led ". . . his two thousand stripling soldiers . . ." (Alma 53:22), faithful Lamanite sons of the people of Ammon. Not one of these "sons" of Helaman perished in the battles because:

> Now they never had fought, yet they did not fear death; and they did think more upon the liberty of their fathers than they did upon their lives; yea, they had been taught by their mothers, that if they did not doubt, God would deliver them.
>
> And they rehearsed unto me the words of their mothers, saying: We do not doubt our mothers knew it (Alma 56:47-48).

Moroni

When wars broke out between the Nephites and apostate Nephites and Lamanites, Moroni, a courageous, God-fearing, liberty-loving Nephite, was made chief captain of all the Nephite armies at the age of twenty-five. Using strategy and counseling with his Father in heaven, he defeated the Lamanites who made an oath that they would never again come against the Nephites.

When civil war threatened, Moroni rent his own coat and made a banner of liberty which he carried among the Nephites to enlist them in the preservation of their democracy.

There is much we can learn from a study of the lives and teachings of these outstanding Book of Mormon characters. The examples they set us can be a source of strength to us in meeting our present-day problems. Let us always remember that these great men, in the face of unusual obstacles and adversities, remained staunch defenders of the truth and preservers of the liberties inherent in God's great plan.

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. What did the Lord say to Moriancumer concerning his faith?
2. What promises to Lehi about this land are vital to our country today?
3. Contrast the life of Nephi with the lives of Laman and Lemuel.
4. Discuss Jacob's statement on riches.
5. Name two principles of the gospel taught by King Benjamin.
6. What form of government did King Mosiah set up?
7. Discuss Alma's missionary activities, and his instructions and blessings to his sons.
8. Why was Moroni a great general?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 33—"For, If Ye Forgive Men Their Trespasses Your Heavenly Father Will Also Forgive You" (3 Nephi 13:14).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, October 4, 1955

Objective: To show that to obtain forgiveness from God entails our forgiving our fellow men.

IN the Savior's sermon to the Nephites one of the subjects that he spoke of was forgiveness. He placed great importance on this code of conduct. In fact, he gave it the status of a law which rules that certain actions on the part of an individual will bring certain rewards or punishments. In 3 Nephi, we are told that if we forgive men their trespasses, our Heavenly Father will forgive us ours. The reverse is also stated which is that we can expect no forgiveness from God unless we forgive our fellow men.

This law is indeed a sobering thought and one which needs to be pondered upon often. In taking stock of our life's deportment, I wonder if any of us is free from mistakes, misunderstandings, and, perhaps, a bit of wilful or thoughtless disobedience to the laws of God or man. In moments of weakness, we may fall prey to transgression. We read in 1 John 1:8:

> If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

We are all subject to human frailties and, certainly, not invulnerable to temptation. So if we want the divine forgiveness of our God, we must do our part by forgiving our fellows of any acts of harm or unkindness they have done to us. Indeed, the Lord says:

> I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men (D. & C. 64:10).

Let us teach forgiveness in our homes. We can truly forgive if we have love for God and our brothers in our hearts. The holding of grudges engenders malice and bitterness which make for misery and canker the soul. This state of being can be completely wiped out by sincere forgiveness. The joy which comes with forgiveness assures us a buoyancy of spirit. The melting away of prejudice brings comfort and well-being.

We are told to forgive ". . . until seventy times seven" (Matt. 18:22), which is a lot of forgiving, but, by following this law of the Lord, happiness and contentment come into our lives.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 1—Family Meal Service

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, October 11, 1955

Courtesy in the Home

COURTESY and consideration of the rights of others are often regarded as synonymous. They are essential ingredients for complete happiness. Nowhere are they more important than at the table. (Behavior at the table, as well as at all other places, is an indication of refinement or the lack of it.) The teaching of table manners should be started as soon as a child is allowed to eat at the table and never stopped until they become a regular and natural practice.

An Attractive Table Inspires Good Table Manners

The homemaker can do much to set the stage for good manners at the table when she makes the table ready for a meal. Attractive table service is not dependent upon elaborateness and expensive table appointments. The simplest table cover and table service, if clean, well cared for, of harmonious colors, and arranged in an orderly manner, are attractive. Orderliness is essential. All table etiquette is based upon it. When a table is properly set and food is served according to approved practices, there is a minimum of disorder and confusion for all concerned. A low centerpiece of garden flowers, a small plant, or a bowl of fresh, colorful fruit, adds to the appearance of the table and the importance of the occasion. All of these things encourage the practice of good table manners.

Children often understand what good table manners are, but fail to practice them, especially when the family is alone. This could be the fault of the parents in emphasizing the importance of good manners when company comes, but giving little attention to them at other times. In an ideal family life, table service, table manners, and table conversation are essentially the same whether there is company or just the family group.

The term *casual* is applied to meal service in the modern mode, but *casual* does not mean *careless*, nor does *casual* dining mean the omission of good taste and attractive table service. Never should meal service be so simplified as to lose the color, charm, and the satisfaction of some practices which exemplify courtesy. These may include the practice of father seating mother and brothers seating sisters, a particular manner observed by all of folding the arms before the blessing on the food is asked, or just a few words of appreciation to the one who has prepared the meal after it has been enjoyed.

Value of Entire Family Being Present for at Least One Meal

Wise parents will endeavor to

make at least one meal each day a time for both refreshment and fellowship; a time when the whole family can eat unhurriedly and share pleasant conversation. One doctor believes that the cause of many of our physical and emotional ills can be traced to our manner of eating. He says, "Too many of us gulp down our food with no more refinement than is observed when the gas tanks of our cars are filled." A cheerful, happy, unhurried atmosphere at the table is the best aid to good digestion; even the best of pills are poor substitutes. King Solomon declared in one of his Proverbs, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith" (Proverbs 15:17).

Family mealtime should be so important that each family member gladly and without hesitation gives the same consideration to his family dinner appointment as he does his appointments with non-family members. Some parents discourage the development of courteous mealtime habits by too willingly adjusting their plans and wishes to suit less important ones of their children.

Make mealtime for your family one of the most important and pleasant parts of each day.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Parents are judged by the table manners of their children.
2. Importance of children helping to serve the meals.

Suggested Activities for Class Leaders

1. Demonstrate the essentials of an attractive, orderly laid table service, using the kind and quality of cover and dishes ordinarily used.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 49—Robert Louis Stevenson, Personality and Poet (1850-1894)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 874-881)

For Tuesday, October 18, 1955

Objective: To understand Stevenson's life and mind, that we might more accurately relate his poetic writings to his personality.

Acts may be forgiven; not even God can forgive the hanger-back (Stevenson).

PERHAPS some English author of the late nineteenth century has written more than Stevenson; certainly none has been read more widely or has known more constantly increasing popularity from his own time to our own decade. But whether he is known to his readers through his writings alone or as he should be, through his writings as related to his heroic life-struggle, he is often regarded not merely as a writer but as a "teacher, tender, comrade, friend." To millions he has given enjoyment, largely because he had it to give in such cornucopian

abundance. Yet few authors have had less cause to rejoice at life's banquet than he.

Stevenson, Writer or Man?

As Emerson reminds us, "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not." Yes, for each small blessing and crumb of joy we must indeed be grateful, and Stevenson's poems have enabled countless parents to carry the tranquilities of childhood with them through the years. *A Child's Garden of Verses* is indeed a classic of children's literature. But to presume an acquaintance with Stevenson after having known his poetry alone is somewhat like labeling Falstaff immortal because of his ponderous size. Particularly in studying this high pinnacle of human spirit, it is Stevenson the man whom we would know; his various writings are isolated fractions of the whole and seriously less than their creator.

Stevenson himself referred to his published verse as "mere pithy talk in rhythm." When read in conjunction with his prose, his poetry is rightly seen as a tool whereby he disciplined himself to the careful use of words. Rarely does his poetry arouse deep emotion. It has charm and warmth, but it is not his most natural form of expression. To find the true stature of Stevenson, we are forced to his prose writings and letters. But first we should review the events and atmosphere of his life.

Stevenson's character might be summed up as that of an ardent Scotch moral Bohemian who loved writing much, but people and life more. Born in 1850, he filled his forty-four years of fragile, intense living with the delicate charm and love of wood nymphs, the racy adventure and gallantry of Scotch border warfare and seaborn freedom, the modern psychologist's awareness of man's conflicting inner life versus outward appearance, and the purple fury of a self-exiled rebel who fought forever for his supreme values of loyalty, kindness, and fairness.

The Young Rebel

Louis' dark, delicately featured mother worshipped him, bequeathing to him his love of words as well as his profile. His childhood photographs show his long, narrow head and face, dark hair, fair skin, and protruding teeth that made his lips bulge. Plain, sensitive, spouting wisdom beyond his years and reared alone by "Cummy," his devoted but lonely and superstitious country-girl nurse, young Louis was "precocious, interesting, affected, and egregiously egotistic."

As a youth he reacted violently against everything Victorian and proper and safe—everything his wealthy, respected parents stood for. Thomas Stevenson, his father, as his father before him, was one of Scotland's most eminent marine architects and engineers. Large-boned, imposing, with mutton-chop whiskers framing his stern mouth; broad nose, bushy brows, he knew without quibble the way his only child was to go. Young Louis was forced through engineering school, and won prizes for excellence; then he was prepared for the bar, but he had no heart for either. Partly as defiance, partly out of love for his real world, he dedicated himself

while in his teens to a writing career.

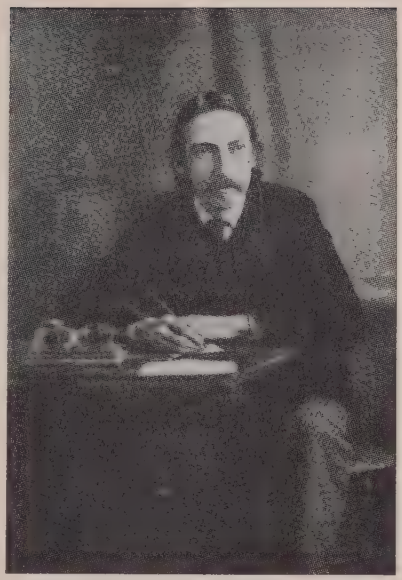
Father Stevenson was stern, strong-willed and a devout Calvinistic Presbyterian; with family fervor his son countered his father's dogmatisms. During Louis' school days in his home town of Edinburgh, son and father had violent clashes—over theology, career, Louis' way of living, and adolescent determination to marry a low-born girl—which left scar tissue carried by both combatants throughout their lives. As young Louis wrote at the age of twenty-three:

> What a . . . curse I am to my parents! as my father said "You have rendered my whole life a failure." As my mother said "This is the heaviest affliction that has ever befallen me." O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have [crushed] the happiness of (probably) the only two people who care anything about you in the world (Furnas, *Voyage to Windward*, page 66).

The Bohemian Writer

Not as a fad but as a testament of his faith Louis adopted the pose and attitude of a Bohemian playboy. He now began wearing the loose-fitting, gaudy-colored velvet jackets, wide-lapelled, soft-collared shirts, and loose-knit wide-knotted ties which were his lifelong hallmark. His long, stringy, black moustache and his straight hair falling back uncut into a gentle curl atop his jacket collar helped create the pose of the literary man young Stevenson desired to be.

And his desire to write was frightening in its fierceness, but it must be thus: he had chosen his career in defiance of his parents' wish, and he *had* to make good. Knowing full well at what price he had made his



A Perry Picture

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
(1850-1894)

decision, he paid for it by as intense a discipline to his craft as modern literary history records. Always he carried with him two notebooks: one for descriptive writings, the other for plots, ideas, axioms. For weeks and months on end he was the "sedulous ape," imitating first the style of one great literary artist, then another, until he mastered one of the highest, most difficult arts; self-expression and communication through the written word. How well he succeeded has been best proved by the passage of time.

Yet ten years of family scorn, poor health, wandering about Europe, feverish writing, and little acceptance made Louis' success as a writer anything but certain. He had perfected his craft, but he cast desperately hither and yon for a theme

—his lifelong problem in his writing. Constantly his father wavered between his love for Louis as a father and his duty to his religious conscience to take action toward anyone holding liberal theological views. Should he disinherit his son or subsidize him, a self-styled literary genius with so weak a chest that each day seemed a prize stolen from fate? Not without misgivings, the father continued to support Louis, and by the time Thomas died, his son, single and married, had cost him more than $50,000, a source of real concern to Louis as well as to his wife.

Louis and Fanny: Lovers

It was in 1876 in Paris that Louis first saw Fanny Vandegrift Osbourne, a most handsomely dark woman in her late thirties who had left her vagabond American husband to "study art" in France, accompanied by her two adolescent children. Already she had left her soldier - miner - speculator husband twice before and was now keeping company with Bob Stevenson, Louis' cousin, who introduced the two; their mutual attraction was both instant and violent. For two years Louis and Fanny met constantly. She nursed Louis through one of his hemorrhage attacks and correctly diagnosed his affliction as tuberculosis three years before doctors acknowledged it as such.

Reared in Indiana, she had spent her married years in western mining camps, and after her return from France, she went back to Monterey, California, to ask for a divorce. Without adequate funds or parental knowledge, Louis followed her, traveling steerage and almost starving in an Oakland garret during the winter of 1879-80. Again he nearly died; again she nursed him back to life, and after their marriage the two honeymooned at Calistoga, the lavish mountain resort established earlier by Sam Brannan. When funds ran short they spent the summer in Silverado, an abandoned California mining town.

Poems of Peace

Constantly Louis' ardent friends, Edmund Gosse, William Ernest Henley, Colvin, and others, badgered him to come home. When his father promised the couple 250 pounds annually and asked them to return to Edinburgh, they complied. From the beginning his parents liked Fanny immensely, and Louis knew peace and security within his family circle such as he had not known since childhood. It was in the glow of this renewed love and family approval that he wrote *A Child's Garden of Verses*, a book dedicated to his childhood nurse, and closed with a note to his beloved mother which stated that the book was written "for love of unforgotten times." Thus Stevenson the man re-created the childlike peace and the good world of his first happy years to express the new love and security which had now come to him.

Louis Fights for Life

During the next decade, 1880-1890, he and Fanny and her son Lloyd tried all possible places that might give Louis relief from the dreaded hemorrhaging in his lungs. Lloyd reported later that Davos, Switzerland, where they stayed for months, was the only place he ever

saw Stevenson show *any* indications of "mental inertia," here where he was allowed to write only three hours daily, associating only with fellow consumptives in this bleak, wind-swept valley. They next lived in England, and when he was too ill to sit up in bed and write, he tinkered with the piano keys or moulded in clay. But he had long ago stated his great defiance to the world that "I was never bored in my life," and to the end he kept his vow to be vivacious and alive and cheerful until activity killed him. Which it did.

They tried the British seacoast, then headed for Colorado, but instead spent the winter at Saranac Lake, New York, at the request of S. S. McClure, the magazine publisher, who appreciated Stevenson's talent and his world fame recently earned him by his *Treasure Island* (1883), *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* (1885), and his children's poetry. But physically and mentally Louis was not well at Saranac, and Fanny went to California where she located the Casco, a lovely yacht. McClure had offered Stevenson a goodly sum for a series of travel letters, so with money left from his father's estate, supplemented by his own earnings, he bought the yacht, chartered a captain and crew, and on June 28, 1888, a tug pulled the Casco out beyond the Golden Gate. Thus their leisurely cruise of the idyllic South Pacific began, to end in Samoa and four final years of peace and health before his death in 1894. "And where is Samoa?" Stevenson was asked. He replied, "Go out of the Golden Gate and take the first turn to the left."

He had a severe hemorrhage at Tahiti, his first in fifteen months, and was so near death that with his usual silent courage he called the captain to him and gave directions for completing the voyage and disposing of the vessel. Such strength of character won his captain over completely; he had started the voyage with biting contempt for literary folk and all their kin. Before they had sailed, so sallow a look did he see in Stevenson's face that he had made certain that all equipment was aboard for a burial at sea.

Peace in the Pacific

Stevenson loved the Pacific, since it gave him health. But more he loved its people, who were imaginative, kind, spontaneous, and loyal. He learned their language and was vitally concerned in local politics, advising both England and Germany to give up their imperialistic ambitions in the Pacific and allow the natives to govern themselves. And here, as always, he made loyal friends of the consuls, administrators, and natives. Here it was that he gave away his birthday to the daughter of the United States Land Commissioner of Samoa because hers fell on Christmas.

From Vailima, his Samoan home, Louis kept up a vast correspondence with his many friends, never complaining of isolation, always rejoicing in his right to live, always realizing that his "soul is in the journey," and that man is "born for the struggle," tasting life only in effort and on the condition that he is opposed. For amusement he characterized Fanny:

> She runs the show . . . . Insane black eyes, boy's hands, tiny bare feet . . . .

Hellish energy; relieved by fortnights of entire hibernation. Can make anything from a house to a row, all fine and large of their kind. Doctors everybody, will doctor you, cannot be doctored herself. A violent friend, a brimstone enemy. Is always either loathed or slavishly adored (Furnas, *Voyage to Windward*, page 410).

The natives said she had eyes in the back of her head, was fifty places at once, and was to be feared and obeyed. Yet she was "good" for Louis, and she found her sense of life-accomplishment in that of her husband. Her native names were Aolele "flying cloud," and another, meaning Witch Woman of the Mountain. After Stevenson's death she moved to California, and there edited his letters. When she died in 1914, her daughter Belle fulfilled her wish by carrying her ashes to Mt. Vaea overlooking Vailima where she lies beneath the concrete slab which also covers Stevenson.

Stevenson's Personality

The natives named him Tusitala —teller of tales—but he translated it "Chief White Information." And his own self-description is delightful:

Exceedingly lean, black eyes, crows-footed . . . past eccentric . . . present industrious, respectable and fatuously contented. Really knows a good deal but has lived so long with aforesaid family . . . that you might talk a week to him and never guess it . . . Name in family, The Tame Celebrity . . . . Hopelessly entangled in apron-strings. Drinks plenty. Curses some. Temper unstable. Manners purple on emergency, but liable to trances. Essentially the common old copy-book gentleman of commerce; if accused of cheating at cards would feel bound to blow out brains, little as he could like the job . . . . Given to explaining the Universe—Scotch, air, Scotch (Furnas, *Voyage to Windward*, pp. 410-411).

Regardless of other lacks or possessions, the life of Stevenson and everything he said or did radiates charm. His was a magic personality, and those who were closest to him found him most charming and lovable. When he married Fanny he married the entire family. While he had no children of his own, on several occasions he almost killed himself in his exertions to please children by washing their dolls, cavorting with them, carrying them piggyback. Never was he "Father" to Lloyd Osbourne, but "Louis," a loved and trusted friend, with whom he joked and teased.

Married Love

Best of all was his relation to Fanny who gave him fourteen years of happiness. Upon being asked his birthday Stevenson replied in dead seriousness, "May 10, 1880," (their marriage date) and no one smiled, for all realized how much she had brought to his life. As he lay in bed, forbidden to exert himself even by whispering, he penned poems to Fanny beginning "To the bare brown feet of my wife and daughter dear," feet that had run his errands for thirteen years. Another note read, "Mr. Dumbleigh presents his compliments and praises God that he is sick so he has to be cared for by two tender loving fairies. Was ever man so blest?"

All of us have grown up with the smoothly-turned lines, the gentle rhymes, the delight of seeing the world forever through the eyes of a child as found in "Oh, how I love to go up in the swing," "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me," "In winter I get up at

night and dress by yellow candlelight," and "Every night my prayers I say, and get my dinner every day." In view of the events and patterns of his own life, his:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings . . . .

has particular power. All these poems have their counterpart in his stories and essays. While sometimes they seem to paint children in his world as too good to be true, they do catch for us the emotions and perspectives of children.

Stevenson speaks to us as adults also, both in prose and in poetry. The close relationship between his prose and poetry is well illustrated by his comments on marriage. At Davos, Switzerland, eighteen months after his marriage, he wrote:

Marriage is one long conversation, chequered by disputes. The disputes are valueless; they but ingrain the difference; the heroic heart of woman prompting her at once to nail her colours to the mast. But in the intervals, almost unconsciously and with no desire to shine, the whole material of life is turned over and over, ideas are struck out and shared, the two persons more and more adapt their notions one to suit the other, and in process of time, without sound of trumpet, they conduct each other into new worlds of thought (Furnas, *Voyage to Windward*, pp. 258-259).

How wise and sane and true, stated in prose that is clean and straight. Now compare this with one of the many poems he wrote his wife, enclosed as the dedication of *The Weir of Hermiston*, the novel left unfinished at his death, but surely to have been his greatest work:

Take thou the writing; thine it is. For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher, chary of praise
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?
So now, in the end, if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine.

If still a doubt lingers that the love of Louis and Fanny Stevenson was one of the great of all time, then read from his soul into yours his serene, confident love for his wife as found in "My Wife" (text, page 880):

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me.

The Highest Duty

In his earlier years Louis remarked, "Death admires me even if the publishers do not." Yet with death his never distant, constant companion, he dared to find happiness and wonder and love within his short life span. Now we can end with his own thought, in which we find deeper overtones of meaning than before, "There is no duty that men under-rate so severely as the duty of being happy." May God rest such a soul.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why did Stevenson write *A Child's Garden of Verses* when he did? What relation do these poems have to his own life?

2. After examining his life in relation to his poems, discuss Stevenson as a "charming person."

3. What evidence can you present to prove the relationship of Louis and Fanny as one of the great loves of history?

4. Is Stevenson greater as a writer of prose or poetry? What is the strongest quality of his poems?

5. Discuss the importance in our lives of the statement "There is no duty that men under-rate so severely as the duty of being happy." How did Stevenson's life exemplify this?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 15—The Constitution Established

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, October 25, 1955

Objective: To emphasize the great importance of Washington's administration and how that administration laid the foundation upon which a successful constitutional Government was established.

George Washington Elected First President

THE fourth of March 1789 was designated as the historic date upon which the Government of the United States, under the Constitution, was to have its inception. Prior to that date presidential electors, chosen in elections held in January 1789, selected George Washington to be the President of the new Nation. Much against his will, and reluctantly leaving a retirement which he had so richly earned, Washington accepted once more the call of his country.

It is not without reason that George Washington is referred to as the "father of his country." He had provided the leadership and inspiration during the long years of struggle for independence. At the conclusion of the war he had retired to his much beloved Mount Vernon hoping to spend his remaining years in managing his estates and living the life of a country gentleman of his time.

He was summoned from this retirement when a crisis demanded his reputation and leadership to prevent the collapse of the infant Nation, hopelessly struggling to launch itself under the Articles of Confederation. His contribution to the Constitutional Convention was monumental. It is true that his contribution to the draftsmanship of the great document was not important, but the weight of his reputation and the universal love and respect in which he was held were decisive in holding the convention together. It is not an exaggeration to say that without the influence of Washingon, it is extremely doubtful that there would ever have been a Constitution. Now once more and, for the last time, Washington was to lead his countrymen again.

The choice of Washington was not only logical and sound, it was imperative. The Constitution was adopted only after a long and bitter struggle. It was not until 1790 that all of the states had ratified it. It is open to question that even a majority of the people favored its

adoption. It will be remembered that it was not submitted to the direct vote of the people, but was ratified in conventions of delegates chosen by the people. In an atmosphere of distrust harbored by a very large segment of the population, the manner in which the new Government launched itself was all important. It required the leadership of the one of its citizens who would be accepted by all without question or doubt. That man was George Washington.

Events were to verify the wisdom of that choice. By the time Washington finished his second term of office, the Republic was on sound and solid footing. The struggles which followed the time of Washington's administration were never able to destroy the foundations which had been laid under his great leadership.

Establishing the New Government

The new Government was to assemble at its designated seat in New York on the day appointed. It is an interesting observation of the difficulty of travel and communication of that day that the appointed day came and went and no government was established. The difficulties of travel were enormous, and the members of the new Government were unable to assemble on time. During the interim which followed there was literally no National Government. The old government had dissolved itself and the new one was not able to take over.

Legislative Branch Organized

By April 6, 1789 there were sufficient members of Congress in New York to organize the Legislative Branch of the Government, but Washington was not inaugurated until the 30th of April. The President's journey from Mount Vernon was a continuous ovation. It must have warmed his heart and filled him with emotion to see the love and devotion of his countrymen.

Executive Branch Formed

Washington formed the Executive Branch of the Government with a Cabinet of four members to head the four departments of the Government created by Congress. Since political parties were non-existent, Washington was able to choose whom he pleased to fill the Cabinet posts. He was beholden to no party for favors and consequently owed political debts to no one. What an enviable position for a political figure to occupy! No other President was ever destined to hold office under such circumstances.

The Cabinet

The Constitution makes no provision for the President's Cabinet as such. The framers assumed that the Senate would attempt to fill the role of advisor to the President. But the first Senate was reluctant to advise President Washington, and the effort to consult the Senate before appointments were made, or even pre-consultation on treaties, was dropped and never revived.

President Washington began to call department heads into consultation meetings, called "Cabinet meetings." The Cabinet is today, as it began, an informal group without legal sanction, its personnel de-

termined by tradition and the will of the President.

The Cabinet meets only at the request of the President, has only the authority he vests in it, and may be dissolved if the President wishes. In practice it plays an important part in determining policy and coordinating administrative work. (See Constitution, Article II, Section 2, Clause 1; See Y. R. C., pp. 126-129.)

Traditionally the heads of executive departments compose the Cabinet. These departments were established by Congress in the following order:

State (originally Foreign Affairs) in 1789
Post Office (Post Master General 1789) in 1872
War, 1789 (incorporated into Department of Defense in 1947)
Treasury, 1789
Justice (Attorney General, 1789) 1870
Navy, 1789 (lost Cabinet status in 1947)
Interior (originally Home) 1849
Agriculture, 1862
Commerce (originally Commerce and Labor) 1903
Labor, 1913
Defense (National Defense established) 1947
Health, Education, and Welfare, 1952.

For his Secretary of State Washington selected Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. For Secretary of the Treasury he chose the young and very brilliant Alexander Hamilton of New York. General Knox of Massachusetts was named Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph of Virginia as Attorney General. Knox and Randolph were not to play important parts; but Hamilton and Jefferson were to become the exponents of opposite philosophies of government which have continued into our own day to exert strong and continuing influence.

Jefferson was "the most conspicuous . . . apostle of democracy and one of the great liberals of modern times." Hamilton feared lax government as reflected in events transpiring in Europe and stood for strong government; but Jefferson placed his trust in the individual, and became the idol of American democracy. They formed about themselves the two parties of Democrats and Federalists.

In the beginning the influence of the new National Government was barely felt. It moved slowly. It was Hamilton, who, in implementing the fiscal policies of the new Government, gave it impetus and direction. The direction in which Hamilton led collided squarely with the opposition of Jefferson and to these two great Americans must go the credit for laying the foundations of what developed into the American political system.

Congress Enacts Judiciary Act

Before going into more detail concerning Hamilton and his activities, it may be said, in passing, that Congress enacted a Judiciary Act, thus giving form to the Supreme Court. The part which the Judiciary was foreordained to play in our constitutional system will be reserved for a later lesson. Suffice it to say at this point, the influence of the court was soon to manifest itself

under the great leadership of John Marshall, the third and our greatest Chief Justice.

Bill of Rights Approved and Ratified

It was during this first congressional session that Congress approved sixteen Amendments to the Constitution, ten of which were ratified by the states to form the Bill of Rights.

Hamilton Establishes Credit of Government

The most serious and pressing problem of the Government was financial. The country was at peace and our foreign relations were slight, but the public credit was at a low ebb. Into the problem of establishing the credit of the Government on a sound and firm basis, Hamilton threw himself with energy and enthusiasm.

Hamilton was only thirty-two years of age when he became Secretary of the Treasury. He had been a close associate of Washington and had been his aide during the war. He was a lawyer and brilliant in his profession, a leader of the bar of New York. Hamilton had rendered outstanding service in the campaign to secure ratification of the Constitution. Some of the most profound and brilliant essays in the *Federalist* were the products of his pen.

Hamilton believed in a strong central government. He conceived government in its ideal form to be that composed of the wealthy and educated class and was, by nature, aristocratic and suspicious of popular government. It was his philosophy that if he could establish a strong National Government, able to bestow favors upon the influential citizens of the country and protect the value of property, such a government would remain strong and withstand the assaults of the groups who would, for private and selfish reasons, seek to destroy it.

Plan for Supporting National Credit

Hamilton's opportunity came almost immediately upon his appointment to the Cabinet, when Congress requested him to submit a plan for the support of the national credit. Within three months' time Hamilton was ready with his plan. It was a master stroke of financial genius. It was proposed by him, first of all, that the entire foreign debt of the National Government—amounting to nearly $12,000,000 including interest—should be paid in full. He next proposed to settle the domestic debt of some $42,000,000 by issuing Government bonds bearing interest. The money received from the sale of these bonds would be used to pay off the domestic indebtedness dollar for dollar. Finally, he recommended that the Federal Government should assume the debts of the state governments in the amount of $25,000,000. The latter two suggestions, relating to the domestic and state indebtedness, raised a storm of protest. For example, some of the states had all but paid off their indebtedness; and there was indignation in those states at the suggestion that their reward for frugality should be to be given the job of helping to pay the debts of their less thrifty neighbors. In the states where those debts were large, it may be assumed that Ham-

ilton's suggestion met with enthusiastic support.

Hamilton's suggestion set off a wave of frantic speculation in the purchase of the badly depreciated currency and securities of the country, whose value had sunk to about one-fifth of their face value. Speculators sent agents throughout the country to buy up as much as could be purchased before the news became general that the Government was going to redeem dollar for dollar. In this way there is no denying that a few people reaped great profits from their inside knowledge of the Government's intentions. Nevertheless, Hamilton's plan was sound; and its adoption soon resulted in great benefit and strength to the new Government.

The method of paying off current public indebtedness by issuing long-term bonds bearing interest had been developed and used in England by English financiers with great success. Hamilton demonstrated his ability to deal with such questions with as much wisdom and understanding as that possessed by any of the Old World financiers of his day. In fact, it may be said that Alexander Hamilton has never been surpassed in his performance of the duties of the head of the financial department of our Government.

Hamilton's next proposal was to create a central Government bank patterned on the order of the Bank of England. His purpose in proposing this bank was further to strengthen the control of the Government over its securities and finances, and to lend solidarity and strength to the moneyed interests of the country.

Over great opposition the bank was created; but not until the Supreme Court of the United States, in the celebrated case of McCullough vs. Maryland, upheld the creation of the bank as within the constitutional powers of the Government.

Protection of Domestic Industry and Manufacture

Hamilton next went to Congress with his Report on Manufactures by which he set forth his arguments in support of the protection of domestic industry and manufacture by a system of tariffs. This report touched off an argument which has lasted into our own day concerning the endless debate between protective tariffs as opposed to free trade.

Avoidance of Foreign Alliances by Washington

In its foreign relations the new Government assumed a position of strict neutrality. Washington advocated an independent course in world affairs which would involve the country in as little dispute with other nations as possible. He shunned alliances and becoming embroiled in the disputes between European nations. Often, even under great provocation, the Government refused to become so involved. It was Washington's belief and philosophy that the new Nation needed time to establish itself and become strong, and, if sufficient time could be obtained, the day would come when America would be so strong that none would dare attack her. On the other hand, there were many who would have been glad to take sides in the European quarrels, usually on the side

of France, our old friend and ally. (Washington's foreign policy will be discussed in detail in Lesson 20 for April 1956.)

The great wisdom of Washington regarding foreign entanglements and the financial sagacity of Hamilton which so successfully implemented the credit and financial strength of the country, were major factors in the success of launching the United States under its new Constitution. Every American should remember with great gratitude the service to freedom which was rendered by the first administration of the Government under Washington.

Questions on the Lesson

1. For what reasons could the selection of George Washington as our first President be regarded as providential?
2. What was Hamilton's great contribution to the National Government?
3. Why was Hamilton's work of such great importance?
4. Who were the founders of the American political system?

Walk Beside Me

Josephine H. Beck

My child,
Walk out into the new day,
In the shining sunlight;
Watch the seagulls glide
Gracefully in flight.

My child,
See the mountains stand in glory
Against the eastern sky;
Hear the lark call at dusktime,
When the lane of the stars is high.

My child,
Walk beside me for a little time,
Learn the wonders of the land,
And bind faith upon your heart;
I cannot always hold your hand.

Choral Collections For Ladies Three Part Choruses

..... Choral-Time—Marks ..... .75
..... Library Collection No. 1—Fox ..... .85
..... Auditorium Collection No. 1—Harms.. .75
..... Auditorium Collection No. 2—Harms.. .75
..... Auditorium Collection—Remick ..... .75
..... Auditorium Collection—Witmark ..... .75
..... Let's All Sing!—Stone ..... .85
..... Let There Be Song!—Ehret ..... .85
..... Showtunes—Schirmer 1.00
..... Showtime Choral Collection No. 1—Chappell ..... .75
..... Showtime Choral Collection No. 2—T. B. Harms ..... .75

— Music Sent on Approval —

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
45-47 South Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Kneel to Your Child

Christie Lund Coles

ALL of us have seen children reaching their arms to mothers or fathers, seeking to be near them, and the parent be too occupied to notice, to take the time to bend down and give the child what he desperately needs — love and approval, a moment's safety from life, terrifying to a small one in an enormous world.

On the other hand, who has not seen a parent — or loved one — kneel down with outstretched arms to the seeking child? If there is a lovelier picture, I have failed to see it.

The power of the act was brought to my attention recently. A neighbor's small daughter was going to have breakfast with me. Her brother, four, came to the door and asked if he might eat with us. The girl — who had a right to be there because she had slept with me — told him he could not until he had obtained permission from his parents. The mother was ill and the father had worked that previous night, so it seemed doubtful either would be awake. Yet, he came back, saying his father had said it was all right. So, the three of us ate happily together.

However, the next day, the two children were on the lawn, when I came out. The girl said, accusingly, "Now, you go tell her you lied to her yesterday."

The boy's eyes were wide and frightened and very near to tears, as he ran toward me, trying to smile, his arms outstretched, saying, "I lied to you yesterday. Daddy didn't say I could come for breakfast."

I knelt down suddenly to receive him into my arms. I managed a smile as I told him, "That's too bad. But I'm sure you will not do it again. We'll forgive you this time."

He clung to me there for a moment, then, he whispered, "I love you."

I repeated the words and I think both of us, as well as the day, were a little better because of it.

In our rushing I think we sometimes forget how *good* children innately are, how pliable, how easily molded. They learn much of their unkindness and thoughtlessness from us.

When my daughter was a child, one day I foolishly said to her, "If you do that I shan't like you." She looked at me out of her complete innocence to answer, "Maybe I could do something so you wouldn't like me, but nothing you could do would make *me* not like you."

I went down on my knees to her, then, to hold her close. It was easy. But there were other times when it was more difficult, though always I found our problem solved if I could reach down to her, look into her eyes and let her know how I loved her.

Jesus has taught us to solve our problems by love. In my opinion this is particularly needed in problems involving children. Someone wisely said, "Children need love, especially when they don't deserve it."

Occasionally, why not take time to kneel down and take your child in your arms, to look into his face, his eyes, his very soul, to let him know your heart is full of loving interest?

And while you are on your knees, thank God for the goodness and the sweetness that have been entrusted to your care.

The Jump Rug

Elizabeth Williamson

MATERIALS

Old white sheets torn into strips
Discarded black skirts for the footprints and border
A gunny sack tacked to a wood frame
One hook rug needle.

THIS small hooked rug, made from old sheets, was thought up by a teenage girl who likes to jump out of bed onto a soft rug. The carpet in her room was fine, but the pleasure derived from the touch of a softer rug appealed to her, so she went to work and made her "jump rug."

Pioneer Trek

Eunice J. Miles

On the twisting trails,
Over rough-hewn roads,
The creaking whitetops
Protested their loads.
Here she hushed her child
And cooked their meals,
While her thoughts rolled on
With the wagon wheels.

THE WORLD'S FINEST PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin

The Stradivari of Pianos

EVERETT

Finest Toned Spinet Piano Built

Cable - Nelson

Finest Low Priced Piano Built

All Obtainable At

Beesley Music Co.

Pioneer Piano People
70 S. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

ELECTRIC COOKING

costs the average family only about 9¢ a day

Be Modern
Live Electrically
UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

THE HISTORIC TRAIN

Leaves Salt Lake City
August 5th

FOR THE GREAT

PAGEANT

at the Hill Cumorah

as well as
Denver, INDEPENDENCE, NAUVOO, CARTHAGE, Chicago, Cleveland, KIRTLAND TEMPLE, Niagara Falls, Palmyra, SHARON, VERMONT, Boston, New York, Washington, and MOUNT VERNON, etc.

For complete details write or phone—

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

966 East South Temple
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
Phone 4-2017

ATTENTION! SINGING MOTHERS GROUPS

Who Will Furnish Music For Relief Society Conference September 29th!

"Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I Go".... .20
S.S.A.
"When Children Pray" ..... .18
Three part for female voices
"Recessional" — Three part ..... .18
Women's voices
"Lord, Hear Our Prayer" ..... .15
S.S.A.
"How Happy All They" ..... .15
Three part
"The Silent Sea" ..... .20
Three part women's voices
"Unto Thee, I Lift Mine Eyes" ..... .18
S.S.A.
"Still, Still, With Thee" .....

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

GLEN BROS. MUSIC CO.

74 South Main Salt Lake City

Look Ahead!

FALL CLASSES at L D S BUSINESS COLLEGE

BEGIN SEPT. 2

The years you spend in preparation for your career are short . . . but what you do with them determines your future.
Only L.D.S. Business College offers all of these things:

- Spiritual classes and environment.
- Girls' Dormitory for out-of-town students.
- **Thorough** and **Professional** training.
- Up-to-date Equipment.
- A variety of subjects.
- A skilled and enthusiastic faculty.
- College credit.

L D S BUSINESS COLLEGE

It's awaiting You . . .

YES there is still a tremendous amount of outstanding instruction and use awaiting you in this and other copies of the *Relief Society Magazine.* Your editions may be handsomely bound at the West's finest bindery and printing plant for $2.50 cloth bound and $3.50 leather bound per volume plus postage for mail orders. Follow these postage rates if you send your order by mail:

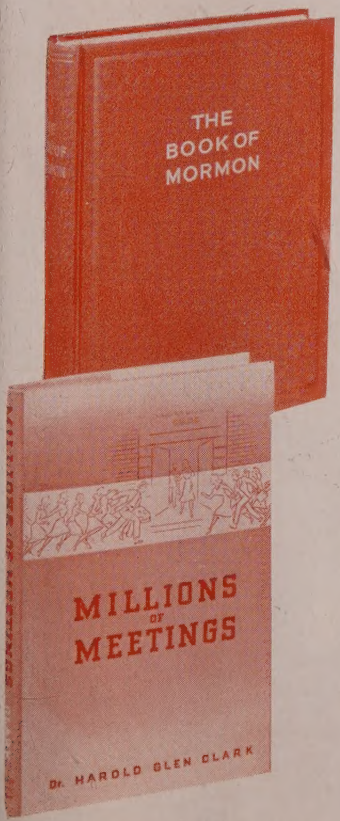
Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

31 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah
Phone 4-2581

Order by Mail



1. DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

Set of volumes $10.95 (.65 postage by mail)

Individual volumes priced as follows:

VOLUME I	$3.00
VOLUME II	$1.00
VOLUMES III, IV, V and VI	$1.25 ea.
VOLUME VII	$3.00

Plus 15c postage for each individual volume

2. BOOK OF MORMON

Cloth bound — Library edition
Regularly $2.00, NOW $ .98

3. MILLIONS OF MEETINGS

This Book Will Help You Plan and Conduct Better Meetings. Valuable information is given on how to conduct and prepare assembly meetings, instruction meetings, council meetings, and others. $2.25

Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

Open a Convenient Charge Account

1 hour free parking in ZCMI's Parking Terrace with your $2.00 purchase

DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah
Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find ( ) check ( ) money order ( ) charge to my account for the following numbered encircled books: 1 2 3

If number one is encircled, state set or particular volume

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Residents of Utah include 2% sales tax.

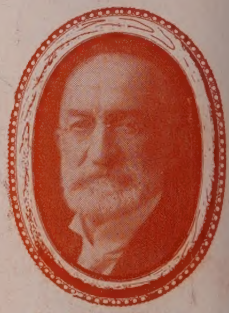
MRS NELL W COWLEY
1068 LAKE ST
CITY 5

PK-31-11-374

FEB 52

Our fourth and present president
DAVID O. McKAY

Beneficial Life's first president
JOSEPH F. SMITH (1905 to 1918)



Second president was
HEBER J. GRANT (1918 to 1945)

Fifty Beneficial Years . . .

Just a half century ago this month, the organization of Beneficial Life Insurance Company was completed after months of preliminary planning and effort. The officers of the company, with Joseph F. Smith as the first president, exemplified the sound, able management that Beneficial has enjoyed ever since: President Heber J. Grant and President George Albert Smith, along with the officers serving under them, guided Beneficial through more years of sizable and steady progress.

Under the inspiring leadership of our present president, David O. McKay, Beneficial will complete its Golden Anniversary Year with more than a 400-fold increase over the life insurance in force at the end of that first successful year . . . reflecting the continuing growth in business volume, reputation, and service to our policyholders during Fifty Beneficial Years.

Third president
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH (1945 to 19

BENEFICIAL LIFE
Insurance Company

David O. McKay, Pres. — Salt Lake City, Utah